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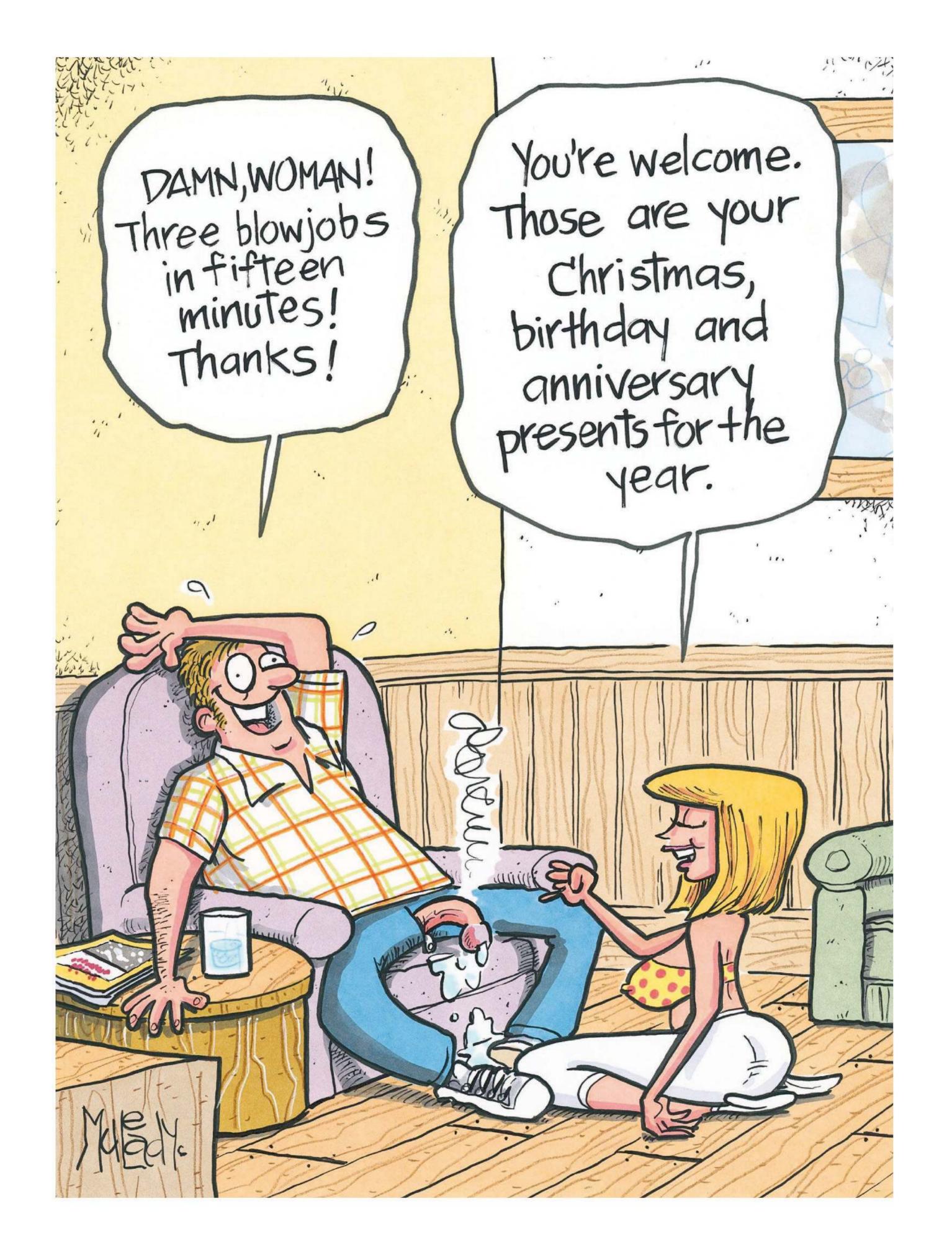
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**HUSTLER** (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 49, No. 9, January 2023. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly and twice in August by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Copyright © 2022 LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call 800-566-5760. A one-year subscription is \$44.95 (13 issues). This price represents HUSTLER's standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. No international orders accepted except Canada. Back issues (available for USA orders only) are \$15 to \$25 each, postage and taxes included. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice, and send in both your old and new addresses. ATTENTION POST-MASTER: Send change of address to: HUSTLER, P.O. Box 16537, North Hollywood, CA 91615-9355. Periodicals postage paid at Beverly Hills, California, and at additional mailing offices. HUSTLER is registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office to LFP IP, LLC, which licenses the mark to LFP Publishing Group, LLC. PRINTED IN CANADA.

The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is November 29, 2022.

Cover photo by Davide Esposito

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### THE RISE OF HATE CRIMES

ate crimes in America have soared since 2016, the year Donald Trump was elected. His dog whistling to white supremacists—"There are good people on both sides," after the Charlottesville Unite the Right rally—propelled bigoted extremists out into the open, and they've been rampaging ever since.

According to the FBI, the number of hate crimes spiked to 7,759 in 2020, the most in 12 years. Experts believe the real number is even higher, as many crimes go unreported. Blacks, Jews, Asian Americans, Latinos and members of the LGBTQ community were the most frequent targets. In fact, attacks on Asians skyrocketed during the COVID-19 pandemic, largely spurred by the ex-President's incendiary rhetoric, referring to COVID as the "Chinese virus."

The Anti-Defamation League, a Jewish nongovernmental organization specializing in civil rights law, reported 2,717 anti-Semitic incidents in the U.S. in 2021—a 34% increase from the previous year and the highest total in over 40 years of reporting! Ancient myths, like "blood libel" and the supposed Jewish quest for world domination, continue to haunt our public discourse and stoke anti-Semitism around the world.

The bigots always use the same sick trick: *There are good people and bad people in every group. For every Bernie Madoff, there's a Bernie Sanders.* But make no mis-

take: Attacking a member of any group for some imagined collective guilt is a cruel, unjust and heinous crime.

President Biden signed the COVID-19 Hate Crimes Act in May 2021, to fund training and data collection, but the patchwork reporting from state to state is inadequate to the task. Despite a 1990 law requiring such data collection, *ProPublica* reported that some of the largest cities report no hate crimes at all, as in *zero*: "...local jurisdictions often fail to properly recognize, investigate or prosecute hate crimes, and thus do not report them to the FBI."

Beyond enforceable laws and appropriately harsh punishments, an informed citizenry is our strongest bulwark against hate crimes. We must teach our children to celebrate diversity. We must focus public attention on issues of intolerance and prejudice. Leaders, from local police chiefs to congressmen and the President must speak out forcefully against hate crime and anti-Semitism. We can no longer tolerate intolerance!

Liz Flynt Publisher



"Your Honor, Mr. Walker has had too many concussions to recall all the women he impregnated and all the abortions he paid for."

### TRUTH HAS BEEN POLITICIZED

THE FORMER PRESIDENT AND AMERICA'S RIGHT WING BENEFIT MORE THAN EVER FROM OUR CORPORATE MEDIA PULLING PUNCHES.

n early August 2022, federal law enforcement officials executed a search warrant at Donald Trump's Mar-a-Lago resort. A federal judge, based on a sworn affidavit from the FBI, found "probable cause" to believe that the former President violated several federal statutes by stealing sensitive national security documents, including nuclear secrets, from the White House and storing them at his South Florida home.

The warrant detailed the government's quiet, nearly year-long effort seeking return of the items to no avail. It also detailed evidence suggesting that Trump violated several criminal statutes—most notably the Presidential Records Act and the Espionage Act—by absconding with the documents and refusing to return them. Very serious stuff. All of it.

The "probable cause" proved true when the search yielded more than a thousand pages of documents marked as classified. The damning news was described this way by a *Washington Post* headline: "Merrick Garland vowed to depoliticize the Justice Dept. Then the FBI searched Mar-a-Lago."

Wait, what?! The U.S. attorney general must have broken his vow when the FBI searched Trump's compound. The Justice Department (DOJ) has been *politicized!* That was the takeaway, anyway, for those who read the headline but not the article before sharing it on Twitter and Facebook.

But the newspaper's premise was false. The headline insinuated a lie. In fact, two branches of the federal government—the Executive and Judiciary—concluded that there was "probable cause" of crimes compelling enough to approve an unprecedented search of a former President's home.

Or, if you're *The Washington Post*, it was all politics as usual, with a Democratic Party apparatchik "politicizing" the DOJ against a political foe. A barrage of criticism followed, and the *Post* changed its headline to the only *somewhat* less misleading "FBI's search of Mar-a-Lago lands Merrick Garland in a political firestorm." But it was the *Post* that fueled the "firestorm" by turning by-the-books, common-sense law enforcement accountability for serious crimes into a shallow political tit-for-tat.

"There was an even worse headline on *The New York Times*" front page," longtime media critic Dan Froomkin complained. Its all-caps front-page screamer read: "A SIMMERING FEUD PEAKS IN A SEARCH OF TRUMP'S HOME."

Never mind the felony offenses or attempted accountability for them—in this case, violations of national security for which anyone else would have been charged almost immediately. The nation's "paper of record" saw it all as little more than a

political "FEUD" between the two major parties.

"The press is obsessed with conflict," Froomkin sneered. "If somebody's fighting, *both sides* are essentially fighting."

The knee-jerk coverage helped roll back months of work by the House January 6 committee to educate the electorate about Trump's demonstrable criminal insidiousness. Froomkin told me, "The singular achievement of the January 6 committee was that it established, to the satisfaction of pretty much everybody except for the willfully ignorant, that prosecuting Trump was not a political necessity. It was a *moral* necessity. That helped inoculate Garland against the perception that what he would be doing would be political. Instead, the FBI does a search warrant on Mar-a-Lago because of documents [Trump] *stole* and didn't give back and then lied about giving back, and the press sees this as some sort of a *political* fight?"

This is the same corporate media that still twists itself into rhetorical knots to minimize what Trump and his minions did when they tried to "reverse" or "overturn" the 2020 Presidential election results to "remain in the White House." The corporate media failed to clearly report what actually happened: A U.S. President tried everything he could think of to *steal* a Presidential election before our very eyes.

When it comes to calling out Trump, whether for attempting to *steal* an election or top-secret documents and *lying* about all of it, corporate media ill-

serve the public by turning his crimes into little more than "political feuds" by "both sides." Anything else "would be taking sides," scoffed Froomkin, who spent 12 years penning *The Washington Post*'s popular "White House Watch" blog before being dismissed, possibly for calling out liars and criminals regardless of their party affiliation.

"Unfortunately, truth has become so politicized in this day and age that simply asserting the truth is seen as political by these people," he observed. "The news story should have been 'Justice Department Finally Searches Trump's Home.' And the question should have been why did it take so long? Because we knew he had these documents for ages. They want to cast everything as a conflict between Democrats and Republicans."

Froomkin added, "Five years ago everybody in the country would have agreed that trying to steal the Presidential election was a bad thing and whoever did it ought to be held accountable. But it's like the frog in the pot. The media has, day after day, normalized what Trump does.

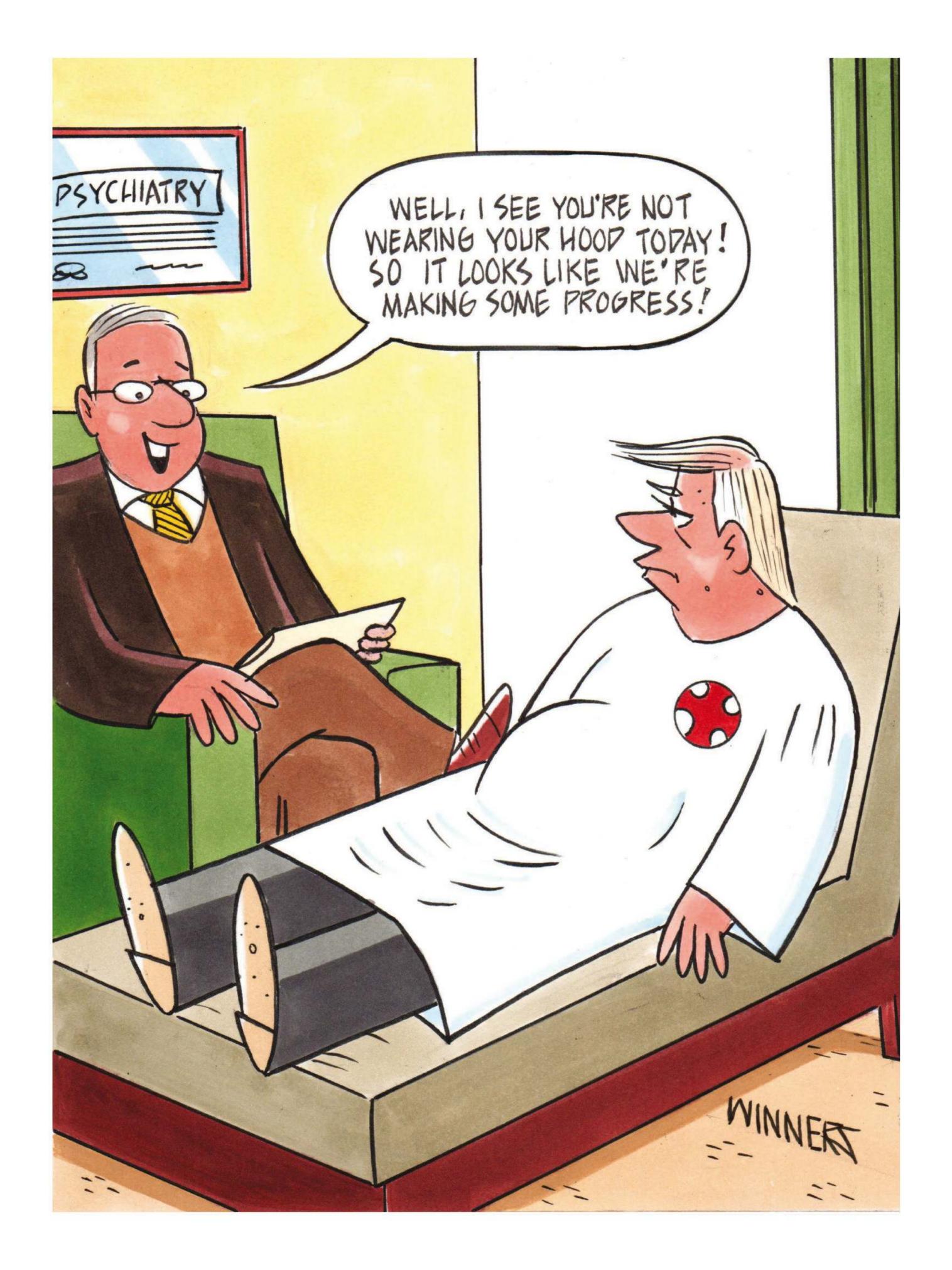
"For the longest time, [the press] wouldn't say any politician 'lied,' because that was too loaded. I suspect that 'steal' is also considered too loaded, even though in this case it is the absolutely honest-to-God, couldn't-be-more-true explanation."

Truth itself has become politicized. Is it any wonder our nation, democracy and planet now face unprecedented peril?

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).



"Donald Trump is like COVID—an annoying little piece of shit that just won't fucking go away!"



**ASSHOLE** OF THE MONTH

ne thing history teaches us is that some of the greatest creative geniuses can also be flaming Assholes. The pioneering scientist Sir Isaac Newton was notorious for petty, vicious feuds with rivals, and even professed faith in alchemy. Picasso was a womanizer who used most of the women in his life like cheap doormats. Frank Sinatra was famous for violent temper tantrums. French painter Edgar Degas and German composer Richard Wagner were rabid anti-Semites. Which brings us to the rapper and entrepreneur formerly known as Kanye West, but now legally known as just Ye (we'll stick to calling him Kanye for the most part, since much of this biopic occurred under that name), who recently added an-

ti-Semitic rants to his long rap

sheet of bizarre, shitty behavior.

There's no doubt that Kanye is something of a musical genius. He's been nominated for 75 Grammy Awards, won 24 and so is tied with Jay-Z for the most Grammy wins of any rapper. He's sold over 160 million records worldwide, and Rolling Stone honored him as one of the 100 greatest songwriters of all time. His constant innovation is credited with transforming hip-hop from gangsta rap to a more mainstream sound. Erik Nielson, a professor specializing in hip-hop culture, summed it up like this: Kanye is a "mediocre rapper, but an extraordinary producer. He is willing and able to experiment in ways that many people either don't or can't," with a "broad, eclectic range of sounds ...that has opened up new possibilities for artists who came after him." And most importantly: "He is talented enough that he has made the calculation that you can dislike him and you will still listen to his music." In other words, he can act like a world-class dickhead, confident that he's so good and otherwise cool that you'll just ignore all the outrageous bullshit.

Exhibit A: his serial hijacking-the-mike, prima donna act at awards ceremonies. It started at the 2004 American Music Awards, where Kanye burst out of the auditorium after the Best New Artist award went to country singer Gretchen Wilson, later sobbing: "I felt like I was definitely robbed... I was the best new artist this year." Two years later, at the MTV Europe Music Awards, he stormed the stage protesting that he should have won the Best Video award instead of Justice and Simian. The next year, at the MTV Video Music Awards, he played the race card, groaning that he wasn't chosen over Britney Spears to open the show because "Maybe my skin's not right." In 2009, at the same awards show, he grabbed the mike from Taylor Swift as she was accepting the award for Best Female Video, blurting that Beyonce's nomination was "one of the best videos of all time," implying that she should have won the award. For

p to go to g

### **KANYE WEST (YE)**

this, President Obama called him "a jackass."

Look, every nominee who attends an awards show believes he or she deserves the top award—or they wouldn't be there. And all who "lose" are surely disappointed, but they applaud politely and accept the results—much like accepting election results—without whining that the award was stolen. (Is it any wonder that West buddied up with Donald Trump?) Unlike the Olympics, there's no silver and bronze awards in the Grammys and Oscars, and maybe there should be, since the arts are more subjective than sports. But until that happens, it's all or nothing, and only a spoiled brat still shitting his diapers would cry about losing the competition.

Kanye has proclaimed himself a bona fide Christian, and like most American Christians, he has drifted right politically over the years. In 2006, he posed for a *Rolling Stone* cover as Jesus Christ with the crown of thorns. In 2018, he said that 400 years of the enslavement of Blacks was "a choice," then donned a MAGA cap and went to the White House for a powwow with his new hero, Donald Trump. "It was something about when I put this hat on, it made me feel like Superman," he gushed. "You made a Superman. That was my—that's my favorite superhero. And you made a Superman cape." It was two of the most ignorant clowns on the planet grinding their swollen egos together in an emotional sploogefest, making almost no coherent sense about anything they discussed. Trump has compared himself to Churchill, Lincoln and the Founding Fathers, while Kanye has elevated himself as an equal with Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Thomas Edison and Shakespeare. It's amazing that the whole press corps didn't

pass out from a deficit of oxygen sucked up by their voracious narcissism. But Kanye did make a good pitch for more funding of mental health services—appropriate, as he certainly could be a beneficiary.

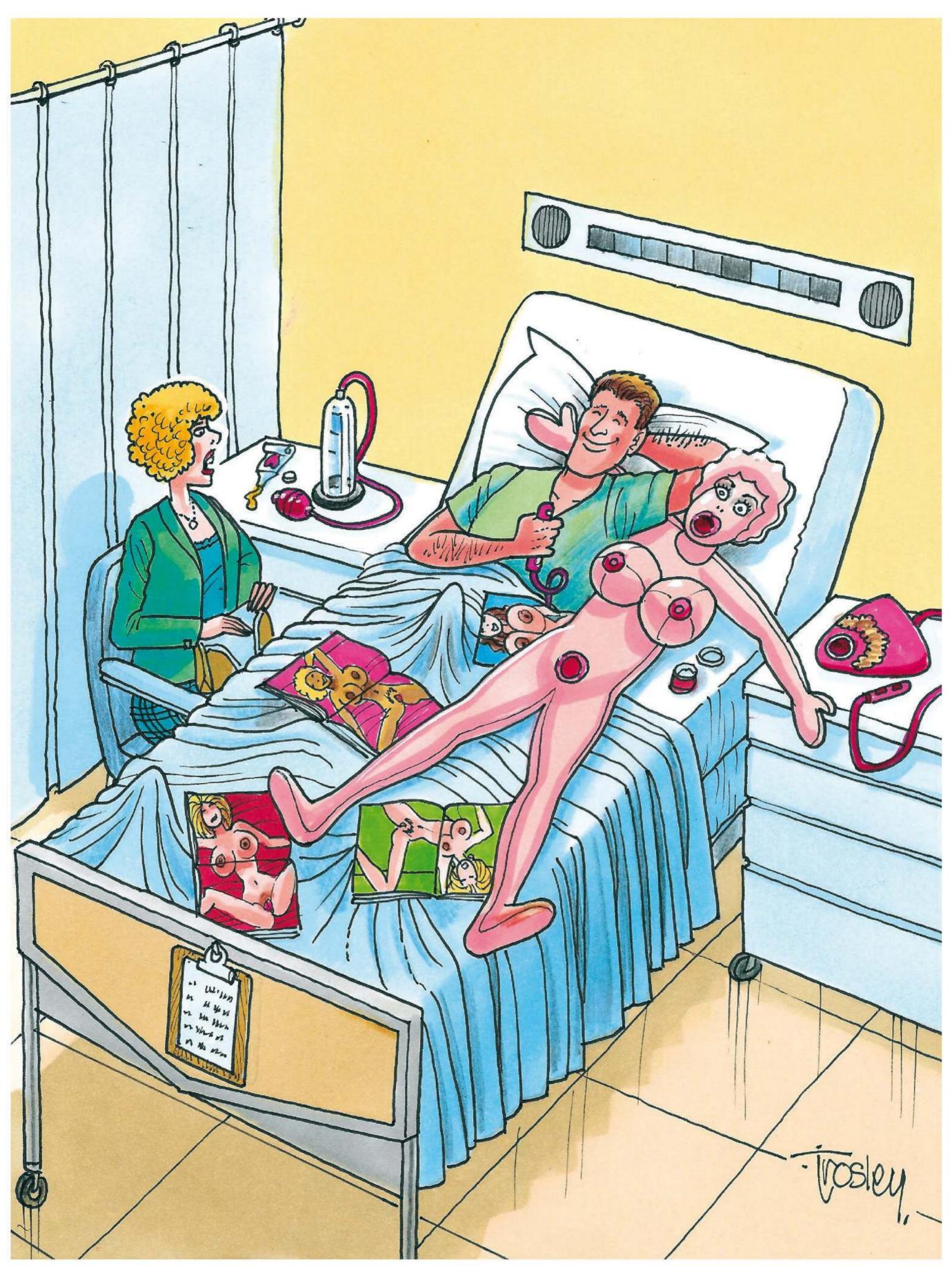
In 2016, he went completely loco, abruptly canceling the remaining 21 performances on his Saint Pablo tour after previous no-shows, concerts cut short, more incoherent political rants and this paranoid plea: "Jay-Z—call me, bruh. You still ain't called me.... Jay-Z, I know you got killers. Please don't send them at my head. Just call me. Talk to me like a man." He was admitted for observation at the UCLA Medical Center and reportedly diagnosed with "temporary psychosis." Sleep deprivation and dehydration were the official

causes. But if the psychosis was temporary... well, it also seems to be chronic, returning with a vengeance in October of 2022, when Ye lurched even further right, into actual neo-Nazi territory.

At his Paris fashion show, he and Black conservative activist Candace Owens sported White Lives Matter shirts in an apparent nod to white supremacy, although the publicity stunt makes no sense really. Then he went on a podcast to falsely claim that George Floyd was not really killed by Derek Chauvin, but by a fentanyl overdose. On October 7, his post on Instagram suggested that fellow rapper Diddy was being controlled "by Jews." After Instagram restricted his account, he ranted on Twitter the next day: "I'm a bit sleepy tonight but when I wake up I'm going death con 3 On JEWISH PEOPLE The funny thing is I actually can't be Anti Semitic because black people are actually Jew also You guys have toyed with me and tried to black ball anyone whoever opposes your agenda." He actually meant to say DEFCON 3 or perhaps DEF-CON 1—our highest military alert. But never confuse Ye with an educated professor like his mother; he dropped out of college. Despite aspirations to be POTUS, Ye admitted in a 2020 interview that he possessed no developed tax or foreign policy strategies. Here's a Halloween horror scenario: Trump and VP Ye on the GOP ticket in 2024!

Near total public condemnation followed. Still, Ye doubled down on his bullshit in interviews with Chris Cuomo and Piers Morgan. "This is not hate speech; this is the truth," Kanye told Cuomo. Now he's lost contracts with Adidas, which produces his Yeezy-branded line, along with Vogue, Balenciaga, Gap and Creative Artists Agency, instantly reducing his net worth from the \$2 billion range to approximately \$400 million. After this takedown, Ye fled to Skecher's headquarters, thinking he could relocate his Yeezy line there, but was escorted out of the building like a panhandler.

It's time to get another mental health check at the hospital, Ye. And we also suggest a probing colonoscopy to gauge your metastasizing assholery.



"So I see your buddies have been here to visit you already..."

## **CRYSTAL BALL(S)**

All right, 2023, let's get this over with: Tell us to hold your beer so you can go fuck things up even more than they are now. We'll wait.

War in Ukraine, Kanye vs. Jews, Queen kicks the bucket—seriously, where do we go from here? Followers of Nostradamus aren't feeling too optimistic, with talk of a seven-month war and an ominous prediction that "the light of Mars will go out." That probably doesn't bode well for Elon...

But there's enough to worry about already without the anxiety of impending doom, which is why HUSTLER's editorial staff held an impromptu seance to glimpse the lighter side of 2023 (and beyond). **Gooner nation:** *Gooning* and *gooner/goonette* are such unfortunate words, but the phenomenon—proud porn worship—is exploding on social media; even Brazzers is getting in on the action with Angela White's

epic gooner blowbang scene from 2022. Expect

more gooner-centric adult content and memes as

this community truly comes into their own.

**The horror!** Horror films will continue to dominate in 2023, building on the vomit-inducing success of surprise hits like *Terrifier 2*, with major studios getting in on the game and ratcheting up the kills to 11. **Hollywood swinging:** Hot—Mia Goth (*Pearl*), Keke Palmer (*Nope*), Barry Keoghan (*The Killing of a Sacred Deer*). Not—Christian Bale (*Thor: Love and Thunder, Amsterdam*). Welcome to your slump era, my friend.

The year in sex: The vibrating anal beads cheating scandal (see page 16) explodes beyond the chess world as professional sports and even academia are rocked by the scope of VibrateGate. Tom Brady is indicted after Gisele hands over her toys to the feds.

**49 and feelin' fine:** As HUSTLER Magazine heads into its 49th year of publication, we begin to look ahead to 2024 and the celebrations that will unfold throughout the year for our 50th birthday bash. Larry, this one's for you!



### YOU, ME & 2023

Should auld acquaintance be forgot... Yup, another trip around the sun, and you're still alive. Give yourself a pat on the back!

But just because we're in survival mode these days doesn't mean we can't hold out hope for a better tomorrow. Be your best self and live life to its fullest. In a refreshing display of unrepentant optimism, we invited sex workers and sex-work-adjacent lovelies to share their goals and aspirations for the weeks and months ahead. And you know what? We're feeling better already.

**Spencer Bradley, performer:** "My New Year's resolution is to stay child-like—to find wonder in the world, show compassion to those around me and feel free to play. My other resolution is to connect with performers more often! There are so many talented, sexy performers out there I've been wanting to do content with but haven't reached out to yet—but that's changing in 2023!" *Twitter: @SpencerBradleyX, OF: @MissSpencerBradley, IG: @SpencerBradleyOfficial* 

Lauren Kiley, secretary of smut: "SERIOUS resolutions. 1. Helen of Troy photo shoot and 2. Sex worker self-defense tour. SASSY resolutions. 1. Discover at least one new kink for myself and introduce at least one person to a new kink of their own." *Twitter, IG: @XoxoLaurenKiley, LaurenKiley.com* 



Dr. Lori Beth Bisbey, sex coach/psychologist/author: "I will be 60 in March. My 2023 mantra: debauchery. That said, I've narrowed it down to three resolutions. 1) Celebrate every month by going to or creating at least one sexual and/or kink-related event. 2) Review my sexual bucket list, noting items still not experienced while adding any new ones, and 3) Go to an erotic event in as many countries as possible." Twitter, IG: @DrBisbey, TikTok: @LoriBethUK, DrLoriBethBisbey.com

Missy Martinez, HUSTLER contributor/manatee enthusiast: "My New Year's resolution (should I live to see 2023) is to take more risks! A few ideas I have to kick it off in style: ordering chicken medium-rare, licking subway poles, wiping back-to-front, actively antagonizing rattlesnakes, putting my mouth over public drinking fountain spigots and microdosing arsenic. Oh, and I guess meeting new people or some shit like that." Twitter: @MissyXMartinez, HUSTLERMagazine.com

Mia Miranda, sex worker/musician/premium babe: "I narrowed it down to five: 1) Work through every position in the Kama Sutra. 2) Attend my first sex party. 3) Learn how to do shibari and incorporate it into my content. 4) Get my sex magic coaching certification and, finally, 5) Do a naked bungee jump!" *Twitter: @PremiumOFBabe, IG, OF: @IAm-MiaMiranda* 

✓ Little Puck, the devil's daughter/vampy porn creator: "My New Year's resolution is to heavily invest my time in studying filmmaking—taking classes, going deep on YouTube, giving myself the time to really learn and practice my craft. I'm so ready for a fresh burst of growth in 2023!" Twitter, OFManyVids: @LittlePuck, IG: @LittlePucksPlayhouse, LittlePuckPls.com

Catieosaurus, certified sex educator: "My New Year's resolution is to start incorporating more of myself into my online content, especially the spicy side of things. I want to embrace my fantasies and start creating content that showcases the range of my sexual interests—even the hyper-specific ones that involve making costumes and doing cosplay on my OnlyFans." Twitter, Twitch, IG: @CatieOsaurus, OF: @Schmate-Yosaurus

## BATTLE OF THE BIOPICS

Ladies, gentlemen and nonbinary folk, can I *please* have your attention. I've just been handed an urgent and horrifying news story. I need all of you to stop what you're doing and listen: Rocco Siffredi wants you to know that the upcoming biopic series about his life is not entirely accurate.

Granted, is it really possible to fully capture the wild and often weird legacy of gonzo porn's de facto godfather? *Supersex*, premiering on Netflix in 2023, was created and written by Italian screenwriter Francesca Manieri (*We Are Who We Are, L'immensità*). In an interview, Siffredi told Italy's *FQ Magazine* that even though "this beautiful story is inspired by my life...it is not my life."

Creative license notwithstanding, we're curious to see how she portrays porn's weirdest dirty-talker (seriously, the shit that comes out of that guy's mouth is baffling). And if it's a hit, then who knows what performer will be next in line? Reed Hastings—we know you're reading this—here is our shortlist for your consideration.

**Tommy Pistol:** L-E-G-E-N-D. And with his starring role in the Soska Sisters' terrifying new BDSM horror-thriller, *On the Edge*, it's high time someone put together a comprehensive retrospective of porn's journeyman gentleman. The kid has range!

**Angela White:** Even though it seems like she hasn't even come close to peaking yet, Angela's impact on adult entertainment will be talked about for years to come—maybe a two-parter? Recap her rise to fame



now; then check in with the Aussie icon in ten years, once she's fully solidified her grip on the industry (and our hearts).

**Mike Quasar:** Our favorite Canadian curmudgeon can come across as a bit of a prickly pear, but deep down Mike is a dedicated and passionate artist who shoots some of the best damn porn of the past 30-odd years. Personally, we'd love to see an adaptation of his Twitter a la "Sh\*t My Dad Says"; that guy can do a lot with 280 characters.

**Miss Moo:** Hear us out: a biopic of HUSTLER's own Missy Martinez, as told through the eyes of her beloved ride-or-die dog. The only question is, who should be cast as the voice of our canine narrator? Two words: Jennifer Coolidge.

### **DEAD SEXY**

You know what we don't spend enough time discussing? Celebrities who have sex with ghosts.

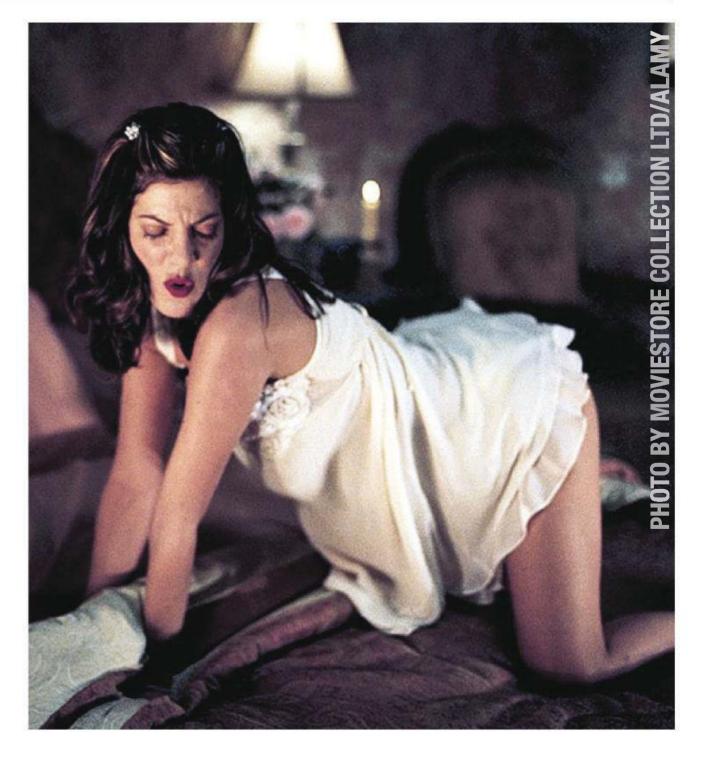
Last summer Buzzfeed blessed us with a spooky listicle of A-listers who claim to have experienced spectral encounters of a rather intimate nature. *Spectrophilia*, the *very* alleged phenomenon of sexual encounters between ghosts and humans, is what the kids call an "outlier" fetish. But between Lucy Liu's cat nap quickie and Kesha's trip to the "bone zone" with a sexy specter, suddenly we're not so quick to dismiss the supernatural.

To be fair, there is plenty of precedence littered throughout popular culture. And since we'll never turn down an opportunity to riff on our favorite films, let us present to you the wildest ghost-on-human scenes available to stream.

Ray Stantz gets ghost head (*Ghostbusters*, 1984): Everyone remembers that scene. Ray (Dan Akroyd) is asleep, dreaming he's a Revolutionary War officer (???) who gets a blowjob from a comely floating apparition. Can you imagine the writers' room back then? "Okay, so the camera cuts to his crotch, and we see his zipper coming down. And then we need a big reaction shot—Dan, what if you crossed your eyes like Daffy Duck after he takes an anvil to the noggin?"

**Tori Spelling goes all-in** (*Scary Movie 2*, 2001): Say what you will about Hollywood nepotism, but Tori Spelling is all right in our books. And while *Scary Movie 2* might not be her best work (that would be *Hotel*), one can only imagine the commitment it takes to pantomime rough ghost sex on the walls and ceiling. The best part: She freaks him out and he ghosts her!

Steve Guttenberg fucks a ghost (High Spirits, 1988): Remember The



*Crying Game*? Brilliant. However, director Neil Jordan would rather you forget *High Spirits*, starring Steve Guttenberg and Beverly D'Angelo as a bickering couple holed up in an Irish castle where they bang dead people, played by Daryl Hannah and Liam Neeson!

**Hail Satan** (*Rosemary's Baby*, 1968): Technically not ghost sex, but "devil rape." Deserves a paranormal nod nonetheless (shudder).



### **EMOJIS FOR DUMMIES**

Full disclosure: The HUSTLER editorial team skews Millennials and older. And as much as we try to stay on top of current trends, we must admit that this latest revelation was a tough pill to swallow: The thumbs-up emoji is *out!* 

If, like us, you lean on the thumb to indicate approval or agreement, your intended usage is running afoul of Gen Zers, who see it as sarcasm at best...or worse, naked aggression. So we enlisted Ivy Augustine, 24, a streamer, cam model and patron saint of pleasure, to school HUSTLER on the dos and don'ts of intergenerational emoji etiquette.

### HUSTLER: How am I only finding out now that the thumbs-up emoji is considered unsettling, even sarcastic? Say it ain't so!

IVY AUGUSTINE: Back in the olden times of Facebook, you had to use a thumbs-up to react to everything—someone's wedding photos, their sandwich, the death of a loved one. Same emoji: thumbs-up. But now we have so many more options—these aren't just silly stickers; they're major tone indicators. Just look at how people use it IRL: not malicious, but hardly sincere.

## Seriously though, that thumb is how I tell people I understand or agree with what they're saying. If not a thumb, then what should I be using?

As a launching pad for continuing dialogue, the thumbs-up isn't the worst you can do. You can use a thumbs-up as a "Yes, and..." so long as you have more to say. If you're just trying to react quickly, then there are better options, e.g., a heart or vibe-specific face emoji. Ideally, it's best to leave the OP (original poster) as little room as possible to misinterpret your reaction.

### What are some other no-nos I might be unaware of?

Emojis are cute and fun, so they should be fun to use and sound/feel like you're using them in a way that's normal, natural. When it comes to the neutral happy face ((a)), however, usage (intended or not) can be interpreted as both friendliness and/or sarcasm—even outright hostility. Let's take "great job," for example. Depending on the context, you could be sincerely telling someone they did a great job, or you could be

mocking them. Example:

Status: I finished first in the race last weekend!

Comment: Great job 🙂

VS...

Status: I tripped and fell on my face.

Comment: Great job 🙂

### What about sex stuff? I can only assume that eggplant + spraying water is out?

Maybe this is a hot take, but I would never put rules on someone's sexting style. That communication is very personal, so I'd say if it feels right, then who's to judge? That said, using emojis exclusively is a big turn-off for me. It's sexting, and I personally love a big...vocabulary.

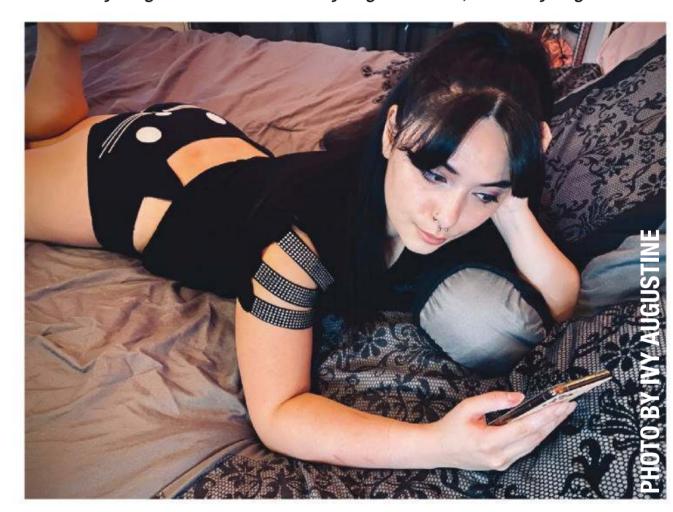
But can I still use the peach for butts and pussy?

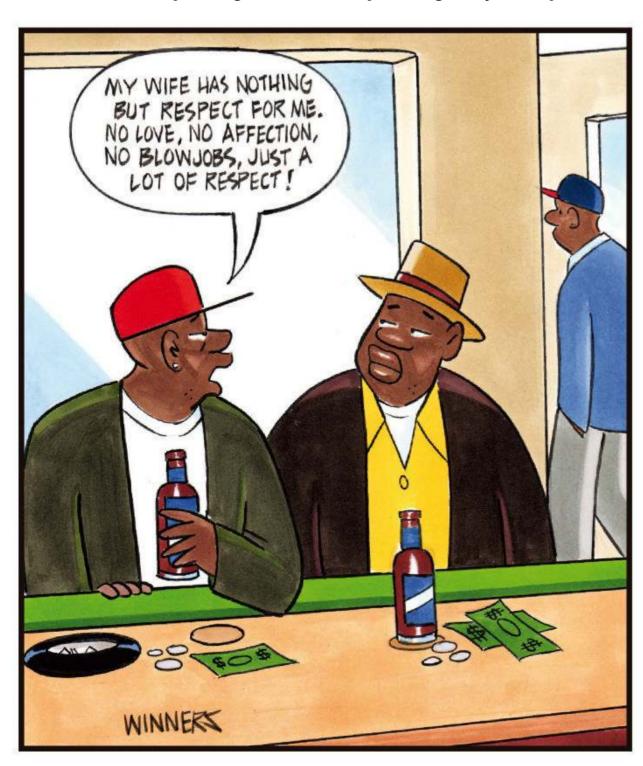
Why not? Go **?!** 

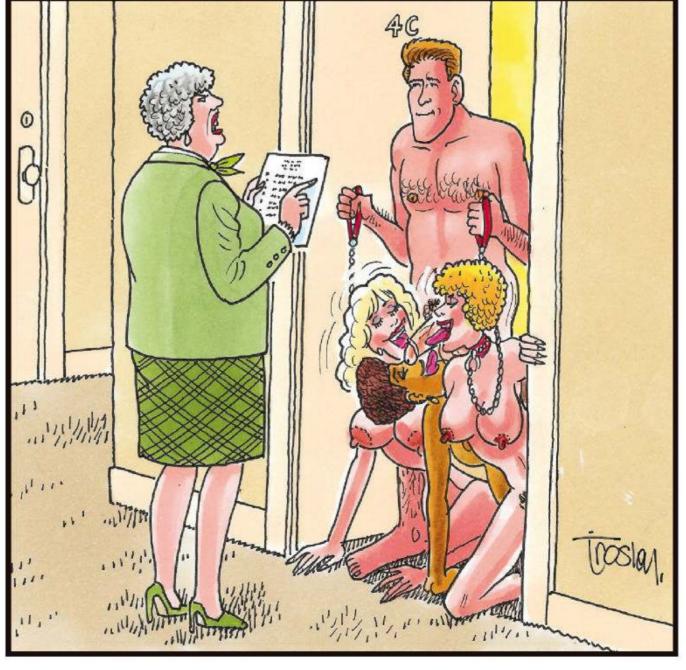
What emoji would you use to describe this interview?

This interview was 🤚

Follow Ivy Augustine! Twitter: @IvyAugustineSM, IG: @IvyAugustine







"Sorry, Mr. Williams, your lease clearly states, 'No pets.'"

### **VIBRATEGATE**

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark, and it threatens to unravel the very fabric of society. Vibrating anal beads, once a harmless sex toy, are at the epicenter of multiple scandals involving extremely unsportsmanlike conduct. And frankly, we can't sit idly by as an innocent victim is maliciously, unjustifiably maligned.

It all started in September, when U.S. chess prodigy Hans Niemann, 19, was accused of cheating in his win over opponent and crowned champion Magnus Carlsen, 31, from Norway. As of publication, this was still very much a conspiracy theory and likely originated as a joke in a chess-related subreddit. But at no point did anyone say that it couldn't be done. Still, Niemann vehemently denies the allegations: "If they want me to strip fully naked, I will do it. I don't care. Because I know I am clean," he told the St. Louis Chess Club, according to BuzzFeed News.

Meanwhile, mere weeks after the Niemann imbroglio, competitive poker player Robbi Jade Lew was fending off similar accusations after winning a \$250,000 pot with an insane jack-four off-suit. In her case, the optics are not great—off camera, per the *Daily Star*, Lew gave the money back to "veteran big-money grinder" Garrett Adelstein after he not-so-subtly inferred she may have used a "...hidden [device] that simply vibrates to indicate you have the best hand." What next, *Jeopardy*!? *The Amazing Race*? E-sports?

But the real victim in all of this? Sex toys. The audacity of using a tool for pleasure to wreak such underhanded malfeasance is enough to make our blood boil. We're paraphrasing here, but as the saying goes, "Powerful tools hurt fools." Ergo, don't hate the player—hate the scoundrels (alleged or otherwise) who sully anal beads with their avarice.



Let us consider the many useful applications: For instance, do you like whipped cream? Then quit buying that aerosol stuff because it's loaded with hydrogenated fat and palm oil. Instead, whip your own—submerge (sanitized) anal beads in heavy cream, set to maximum speed and BAM: You're in Flavortown. Perfect for nonfamily dinner parties and post-orgy trifles.

But wait, there's more! Buy in the next 15 minutes, and we'll throw in a free cat toy (so long, kicky-fish!), two back massagers (extra beads for added relief) and a full set of extra-magic wands for your next erotic Dungeons & Dragons quest. Order now and take a stand for integrity—go to HUSTLERHollywood.com.

### PILLOW HACKS

If you thought pillows were just for sleep and occasionally smothering your enemies, then boy, do we have some fun news for you about this multifaceted bedroom staple/murder weapon.

Doctors at a private medical clinic in New York were able to determine the most effective sex position for female orgasms using ultrasound technology to monitor blood flow. According to the report in *The* 



Sun UK, doggy-style came in dead last, producing "...the least amount of direct clitoral contact" and "...a negligible increase in blood flow."

And the best? The oft-maligned missionary position, but with a pelvic twist, namely a pillow under her pelvis. A tried-and-true trade secret of penis owners who are, shall we say, slightly below the median length, a little butt boost goes a long way (it's all about the angle). Now science

informs us that, like aspirin (used to lower the risk of heart attack) or Viagra (used to treat pulmonary hypertension), the benefits are myriad.

In technical terms, missionary + pelvic pillow boost = increased blood flow to the clitoris. And while this isn't guaranteed to result in orgasm, it certainly improves the odds by a country mile. What the research doesn't tell us, however, is how to go about selecting the perfect pillow for the job. Down? Too mushy. Foam? You're getting warmer, but not stable enough. Memory foam? Now we're cooking with gas! Pro tip: Wrap that sucker in multiple pillowcases, or save it for unwanted houseguests—nothing says "Get out of my home" quite like love stains.

But why stop there? Pillows are the Swiss Army knife of sexual pleasures. From your favorite anime character to Adam Levine, the wide world of body pillows offers tactile fantasy and back support at an affordable price point (approximately \$50 to \$150, on average). And let's not forget sexy pillow fights, a staple of '80s teensploitation flicks and softcore hotel PPV porn. Finally, if you like your sex with a side of freaky-deaky, two words: human pillows (patent pending!).



"It was his request for a last meal!"





























"Just a reminder, for the thousandth time, 'Go fuck yourself!' is not a suggestion."



Expreme Court's opinion revisiting *Roe* v. *Wade* was leaked, signaling that federal protection for abortion, the law of the land since 1973, was in jeopardy. Less than two months later, the most conservative High Court in 90 years stripped the right to reproductive autonomy from millions of Americans. Thirteen states had trigger laws already in place, just waiting for the legislative green light to ban abortion completely. We knew it was coming, but that didn't make it any less devastating.

Abortion in America has always been fraught, regardless of its legality and despite the relative safety and ubiquity of the procedure. It has always had its share of villains: politicians, extremists and religious zealots who understand the power that comes with limiting reproductive agency. Where we are today is different than both the pre-*Roe* and the legal abortion days, but the common threads are the scores of people outside of the mainstream fighting for reproductive justice no matter the consequences. Mr. Rogers, children's television host and beacon of calm, was known for saying, "When I was a boy and I would see scary things in the news, my mother would say to me, 'Look for the helpers. You will always find people who are helping." Things feel understandably bleak right now. But the helpers are here. They always have been.

In the years leading up to the 1973 decision, abortion was classified as a felony in 49 states and the District of Columbia. Between 200,000 and 1.2 million illegal abortions were performed in the 1950s and 1960s, and by 1965, illegal abortions resulted in about 17% of pregnancy-related deaths—and that's just what was reported. The Comstock Act was still in place, banning access to information about both birth control and abortion. Ending a pregnancy was often prohibitively expensive and incredibly dangerous, and the risks increased exponentially for poor women and women of color. In the 1960s, nearly one in ten low-income women in New York tried to terminate a pregnancy.

It's hard to consider the relationship between religion and reproductive rights without thinking of the Catholic church, which has taken a definitive stance against abortion for literal centuries. Thankfully, that view is not representative of all believers. In fact, some of the earliest champions of the right to choose were religious leaders. In 1967, Howard Moody and Reverend Finley Schaef, civil rights activists and neighboring ministers in New York City, founded the Clergy Consultation Service on Abortion (CCS) out of what they considered a pastoral obligation to assist women in obtaining safe and affordable abortions. The real sin, as they saw it, was that while white women with money could travel out of the country or find doctors willing to perform a "therapeutic abortion" (one that was legal as long as the doctor deemed the pregnancy life-threatening), poor women and women of color didn't have those options.

The first Clergy Consultation Service was made up of 21 Protestant and Jewish religious leaders. They educated themselves by speaking to gynecologists, lawyers and women who had had abortions, and they came up with a set of guidelines: Counselors had to be clergy, uphold confidentiality, charge no fees and only refer women to doctors who were safe, clean and licensed. Moody's church administra-

tor, Arlene Carmen, often posed as a pregnant woman to vet the bedside manner of providers, and she later became the national administrator of the CCS. Chapters were incorporated in 38 states, and by the time *Roe* became law, clergy members across the country had helped hundreds of thousands of women access abortion services.

Moody and his colleagues strongly believed that moving abortion care out of hospitals and into freestanding clinics was best for patients, and when New York state legalized abortion in 1970, they opened Women's Services to provide a cheaper, more intimate and less intimidating experience to folks seeking abortions. Their clinic served more patients than New York City's hospitals combined, charging as little as \$25 for the procedure. Moody's compassion also extended to drug users, people with AIDS and sex workers, and he saw a commonality between those to whom he ministered: "In the late '60s, it was women being criminalized for getting an abortion. We identified with them, supported them and conspired with them to break the law in order that they might exercise the God-given right of freedom of choice."

At the same time that the Clergy Consultation Service was referring women to abortion providers, a group of women in Chicago were finding ways to circumvent the process entirely. The Jane Collective began as a work group of the Chicago Women's Liberation Union and was founded after activist Heather Booth helped a friend's sister obtain a safe abortion. Booth, speaking to *The New York Times*, explained, "I was told she was nearly suicidal. I viewed it not as breaking the law but as acting on the Golden Rule. Someone was in anguish, and I tried to help her." The group sought to address unsafe abortions being performed by untrained providers, and to advocate for more affordable access, but once they realized that one of their main referrals was a man who had lied about his credentials (but was a skilled abortionist nonetheless), they decided to take matters into their own hands. Members of the Janes learned how to do a D&C (dilation and curettage, or uterine scraping) procedure, and they were able to significantly cut costs by performing them in their homes. Between 1969 and 1973, the Janes performed an estimated 11,000 abortions with no major complications.

The Jane Collective was successful in part because of its secrecy. They advertised by posting flyers reading, "Pregnant? Don't want to be? Call Jane," and had women meet at a "front" apartment before being driven (sometimes blindfolded) to another location for the procedure. Some of the women involved hadn't even shared their experiences with their families until appearing in the HBO documentary *The* Janes (which is excellent) this past year. Most of the women in the group were white and middle class, which most likely contributed to the police turning a blind eye—as did the lack of complications from the procedures. Nonetheless, seven members were arrested and charged with abortion and conspiracy to commit abortion after an apartment was raided in 1972 (on a tip from a patient's Catholic sisters-in-law). When police entered the space, they kept yelling "Where's the doctor?" unable to fathom that the women in the room could be the ones in charge. Luckily, court proceedings were delayed, and the charges were dropped after Roe became law.

While the Supreme Court's 1973 decision was a relief, legalizing abortion didn't make all its barriers and contradictions magically disappear. Four years later, the Hyde Amendment was introduced. Championed by the Republican Party, it is still in effect today and >>>

prevents federal funds from going to abortion services (meaning that folks with Medicare, Medicaid and the Children's Health Insurance Program are prohibited from receiving coverage for the procedure, unless their individual state rules otherwise). Beginning in the 1980s, TRAP (Targeted Regulation of Abortion Providers) laws went into effect in a number of states, with the goal of chipping away at reproductive rights and putting clinics out of business. The standards for ambulatory surgical centers were applied to abortion clinics—and sometimes even doctors' offices where only medication abortion was administered—despite abortion not requiring ambulances or heavy sedation. Seemingly arbitrary requirements about corridor width, room size, hospital admitting privileges and disposal of fetal tissue put limits on small and rural providers, giving hospitals undue power and delaying procedures for folks who needed them, often increasing both the risk and the cost. Between 2011 and 2017, TRAP laws were responsible for the closure of 50 clinics in the South and 33 in the Midwest. Most U.S. counties (90%) lacked even a single abortion provider. Regardless of the fact that only .3% of abortion patients experience a major complication that requires hospitalization, and the World Health Organization's declaration that abortions can be performed safely in outpatient clinics and doctor's offices, it took until 2016 for some of the most restrictive TRAP laws to be overturned.

Working in abortion care during the legal years was still risky, especially as antichoice protesters became more organized, relentless and violent. One of the most insidious antiabortion extremist groups, Operation Rescue, deemed 1991 the "Summer of Mercy," and focused their energy in particular on an abortion provider in Kansas: Dr. George Tiller. Tiller was a reluctant abortionist. He had been planning to start a dermatology practice when his parents, sister and brother-in-law were killed in a plane crash in 1970. When he learned that his father had been performing illegal abortions, he took over his practice and gained a reputation as a compassionate, skilled doctor, specializing in third-trimester abortions. Tiller saw this work as a spiritual calling, and he and his staff made sure to help women seeking these procedures feel as comfortable as possible. Unlike earlier-term abortions, third-trimester abortions were often wanted pregnancies that couldn't continue because of fetal abnormalities or risks to the mother's life. Tiller's clinic had a chaplain on staff, a quiet room, special-needs accommodations and space for patients to meet and bond with each other. His motto, still seen on pro-choice buttons and stickers today, was "Trust Women."

Dr. Tiller's clinic was firebombed in 1986. He and his staff regularly received death threats. In their 1991 direct action, thousands of Operation Rescue protesters blocked the doors to his Kansas clinic. Bill O'Reilly regularly referred to him as "Tiller the Baby Killer" on his popular Fox News program. In 1993, Tiller survived an assassination attempt. As "partial-birth abortion" became the rallying cry for antichoice extremists (despite it not being a medical term or at all representative of late-term abortions), Dr. Tiller remained a target. In 2009, he was murdered while serving as an usher at his church. His colleague, Dr. Warren Hern, gave a speech just four days after his death: "Dr. Tiller's crime was not that he killed children—which he did not—but that he brought liberty and health to women. He saved their lives and futures. That's why every doctor in America who does abortions lives under a death threat."

I spoke with Rachel Beck, the former manager of Hope Clinic, an abortion provider serving Granite City, Illinois, and St. Louis, Missouri, about her time working in abortion care.

### **HUSTLER:** Tell me a little bit about your career in reproductive care. What were your responsibilities?

RACHEL BECK: I started at Hope Clinic in 1999 as a medical receptionist, scheduling appointments, collecting payments and helping with funding for people who needed assistance. I also escorted patients to the OR and stayed with them during the procedure, holding their hand. That part was my favorite. After a while I transitioned into the medical side of things, then became lead in the recovery room. I also took on the community affairs liaison role, which helped staff stay on top of laws and events in Missouri and Illinois that affected reproductive rights. Hope was right across the river from Missouri, which had far more restrictive laws. For one thing, Illinois did not require parental consent. In Missouri, you had to have a parent with you, and the parent's name had to match the patient's birth certifi-



cate. If the mother—and it was almost exclusively the mother—had remarried or had a different name, they would have to provide their marriage license. If the pregnant person couldn't get parental consent, they had to go before a judge. We had people come from as far as Texas because we did abortion procedures up until 24 weeks. We saw a large number of families that had pregnancies with fetal anomalies, but we also saw just as many very young people who didn't want to admit they were pregnant, to themselves or others. I find it unbelievably frustrating when people say, "How did she not know she was pregnant?" I think there is a lot of magical thinking when it comes to unwanted pregnancies, and we don't always know what someone else is going through.

How often did you encounter clinic protesters? What kind of tactics did they employ? How did you support your clients through that?

We had abortion protesters every day at Hope. The main protester, Amy [pseudonym], was the loudest and most aggressive. She would

try to talk people into her makeshift trailer to get an ultrasound, where she would tell them their pregnancy was way further along than it was in an attempt to get them to keep the pregnancy. Amy had several abortions at Hope before she "found God." She used to tell her children to lie down in front of cars to stop them from entering the clinic. She would run our license plates and find out our names so she could scream at us directly. She was also known to tell the other protesters to not yell at our Black patients because it was okay for them to have abortions. Protesters knew they couldn't block the clinic's entrance, but they did so anyway and would move by the time the police got there. They would shove their signs with bloody babies up on the patients' windshields, scream at them and call them murderers. We had clinic escorts who would walk in with the patients and block protesters from touching them and handing them stuff like Bibles, tiny plastic babies and pamphlets. On days the escorts weren't there, the protesters would try to dress up like escorts to trick patients into talking to them. We had an armed >>



security guard the whole time we were open. The clinic was fire-bombed in the '80s, and the owner and his wife were held at gunpoint for days. One doctor I worked with lived in a city four hours away and flew into St. Louis every week to work for a couple of days so they wouldn't be able to find out where he lived. He traveled with a bodyguard.

With our patients, specifically at Hope, we were there right at check-in to talk with them if they were upset by the protesters. We also had every patient do a counseling session with trained counselors, and often part of the session was letting them decompress after their interaction with the protesters.

How did changing restrictions on abortion affect the work you did? What laws or statutes had the biggest impact?

I suppose changing restrictions on abortions really affected us at Hope by giving us more patients. Surrounding states cracking down meant women had to travel farther, and we saw many of them. Also, it's important to point out that we didn't take insurance: \$325 to \$375 for an abortion up to 12 weeks was a *lot* of money, especially back then, and it disproportionately affected marginalized people. By the way, the price difference is for a nonmedicated versus a medicated abortion. Can you imagine being 16 and not being able to afford pain medication?

In terms of other laws, I always hated the parental consent law and TRAP laws. Clinics were closed down for things like having a hallway that was half an inch too narrow, according to completely arbitrary standards. And it was mind-blowing that OB-GYNs in St. Louis



wouldn't perform abortions on their patients, even with extreme fetal abnormalities. We saw horrifying things: fetuses without heads, organs on the outside of their body, all things a baby would absolutely never survive, and the doctor sent them to us. Restrictive laws end up killing people.

### What drew you to this work? And do you have any mentors or folks you try to emulate?

I feel like reproductive justice in all its forms is a calling. When I was at Hope and started working more closely with patients, it felt right. I think I was a good support to them. I cared, I empathized, and I really wanted them to leave with no shame. I think women are fucking amazing for making the decision to choose themselves amid the chaos of what other people think. No matter what any antichoice asshole says, they *did* choose life: their life, and the life of the children they already had.

At Hope I worked with Patricia, our director of education, and she was

a huge role model. She always gave me tools for looking at things from different perspectives. She would take the protesters out for coffee to see if we could get to common ground, to make things easier for our patients. I also hired the first man to work at Hope besides the physicians.

He was a gay man, and therefore the protesters showed an extra special hatred toward him. They even found out where his parents lived and started protesting and harassing them. A year or so before he died, someone hid in his backyard and attempted to stab him. They called him a murderer. The police didn't do anything and said it probably wasn't related to abortion.

# What is your biggest worry now that *Roe* has been overturned? What does the future of abortion in America look like?

My biggest worry is that women are going to die, and the majority of them will be people of color. And no one is going to fucking care. I get so angry when people say, "Well, we will be okay in California." *Of course* we will.

But I am not worried about us. I am worried about the young people in Alabama and Texas. I'm worried about rape and incest victims having to keep that baby. And I am *furious* that you can tattletale on someone, and they will go to jail.

I need to do something. I hope that with years of OR experience and my current midwife training, I will soon know how to measure pregnancies without ultrasounds, give pelvic exams and be able to do a whole host of gynecological care. Then I will be able to assist, at least with pill abortions. The majority of Americans believe abortion should be legal, so I hope the future of abortions means it will change back again in my lifetime. In the meantime, I will be doing whatever I need to do.

The main thing that differentiates this current, post-Roe world from

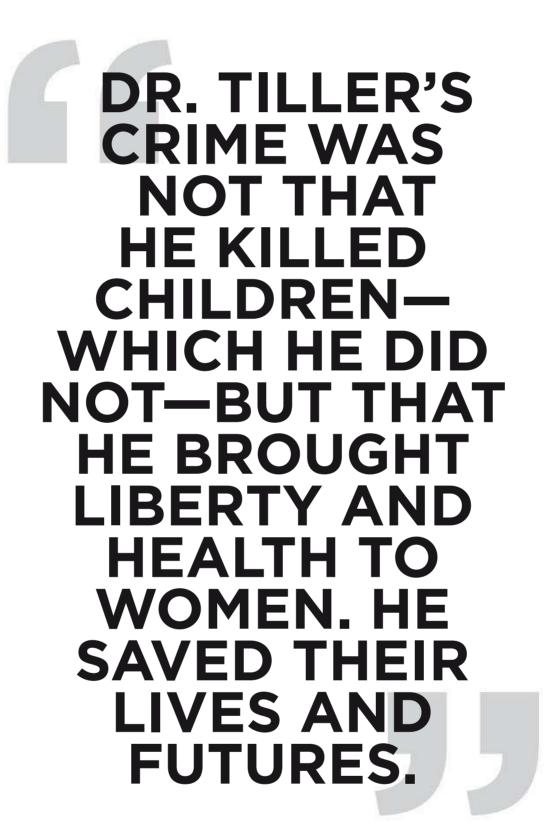
the years before abortion was legal is the means by which pregnancies are typically terminated. In 2020, 54% of abortions were from abortion pills, usually a combination of misoprostol (which is also an ulcer and veterinary medication) and mifepristone (also known as RU-486). These self-managed or medication abortions can be taken up to 11 weeks after the first day of your last menstrual cycle and have an efficacy rate of approximately 98%. The FDA lifted its in-person appointment requirement with COVID, and prior to the overturn of *Roe*, these pills could be prescribed in all states via telehealth. That is unfortunately no longer true, but there are activists all across the country—and the world—who have been preparing for this eventuality.

When it comes to procuring abortion pills, accurate information is everything. Folks in states where abortion has been outlawed still have options, even if travel is not accessible. PlanCPills.org has a wealth of location-specific resources, including Aid Access, an international on-

line pharmacy serving all 50 states that offers virtual screening, pill delivery and an advance provision for stocking up even if you're not pregnant. There are FAQs about safety and legality, and links to the Miscarriage and Abortion hotline (staffed by proabortion clinicians), the Repro Legal Helpline (for answers to legal questions in all states) and the National Network of Abortion Funds (which provides financial assistance to folks seeking abortions). Other sites seek to normalize abortion, educate about digital safety and share information about self-managed abortions, from self-care considerations to dosages for birth control pill or miso-only abortions (since misoprostol is much easier to acquire than mifepristone).

Understandably, a lot of organizing and information sharing is happening online, but there are also folks on the ground (often known as community providers) fighting for reproductive access and justice. South Side Chicago activist Tamar Manasseh has revived the concept of the Jane Collective with

We Are Jane, a group partnering with the Chicago Abortion Fund to help Black and Brown women access abortion and resources, and to prepare for people traveling to Illinois for reproductive services from states with bans. Activists in Mexico, where misoprostol is available over the counter, are helping to transport pills to folks in the U.S. The organization Just The Pill has a project named Abortion Delivered, with aspirational hopes of bringing bulletproof vans to the Texas border. Commercially-made manual vacuum aspiration kits are available, as are instructions for a DIY device known as the Del-Em, invented by school teacher Lorraine Rothman in 1971. Using a thin, flexible straw known as a Karman cannula (designed by illegal abortion provider Harvey Karman), as well as aquarium tubing, a mason jar and a bypass valve, it worked to evacuate the contents of the uterus and was >>>

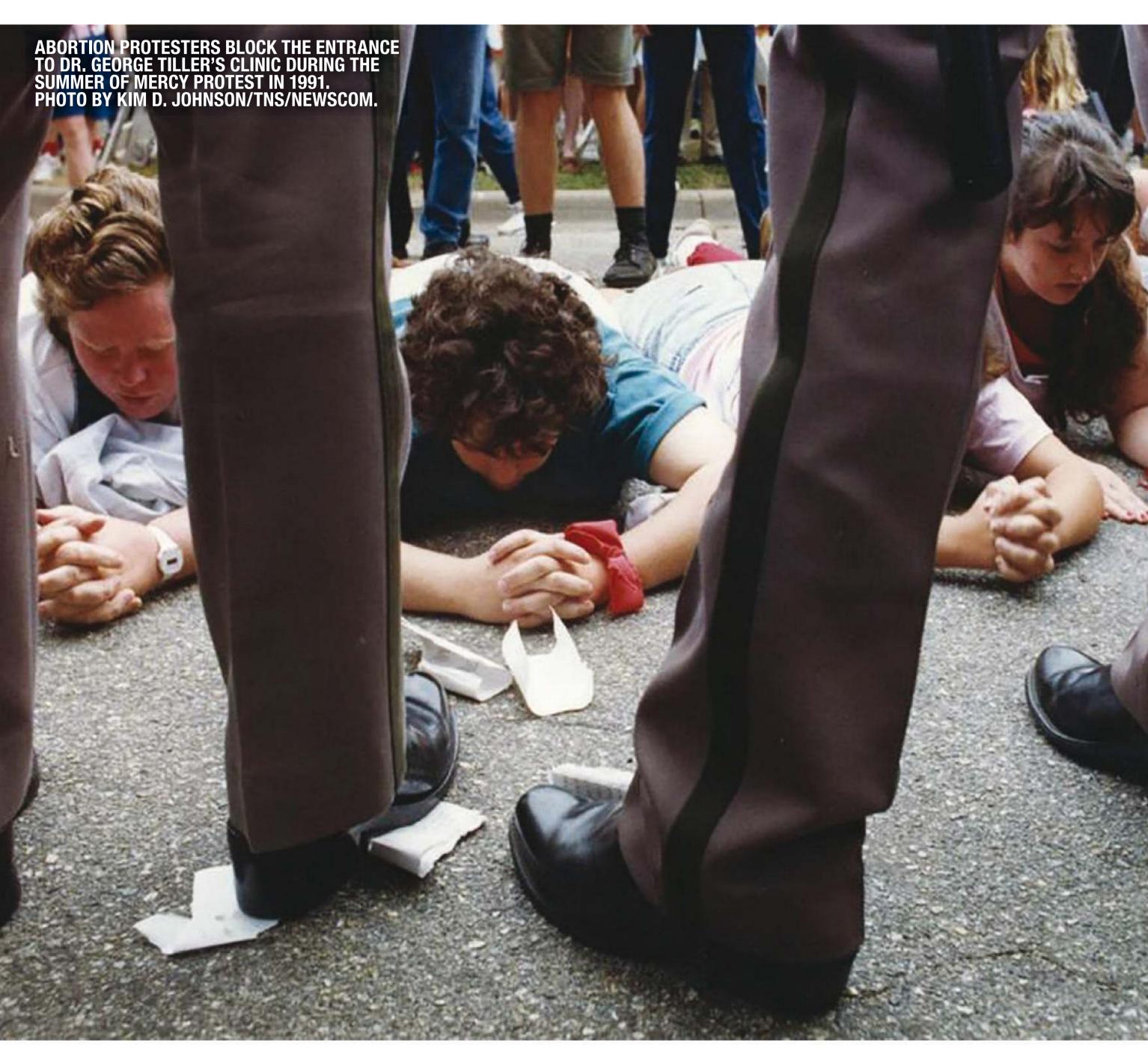


called a menstrual extraction tool for plausible deniability. At a hacker convention in 2020, a demonstration was given on how to make and use a Del-Em in a post-*Roe* world.

Since their explosion in popularity in the 1980s, doulas have been used to support pregnant people through the birthing process, but doulas are also available to provide support for all pregnancy outcomes, including abortion. Avalon, a full-spectrum doula in California, was drawn to this work to assist people in making empowered choices about their bodies and their health and sees her role as that of a coach, confidant and researcher, there to support all emotions and validate her client's experiences. I asked her what she saw as the future of abortion: "As far as I'm concerned, the local underground grassroots movement around

abortion has always existed and will continue to exist. Legality brings safety on a broad scale, but community health and care will continue to be available to attempt to fill the gap."

What all these folks have in common, from the clergy members of the 1960s to the digital activists of 2022, is an unwavering commitment to the inalienable right of all human beings to make decisions about their own bodies. In recent protests, there has been a request to eschew symbols like the coat hanger, not because coat hanger abortions were never a reality, but because they paint a picture of hopelessness and desperation. There is still room, even in this current climate, for safe, dignified, compassionate abortion care. We might not have the law on our side right now, but we will always have the helpers.







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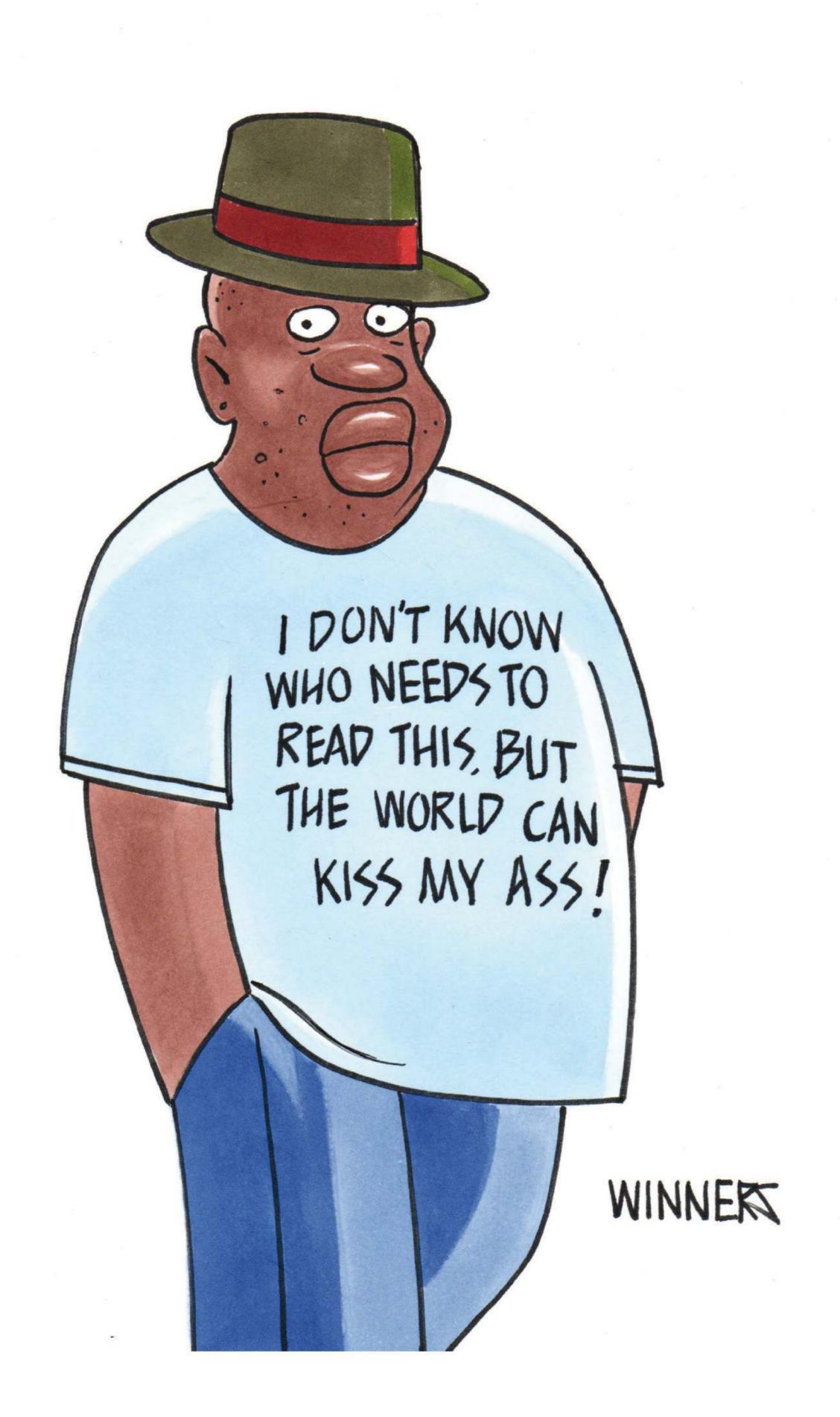


















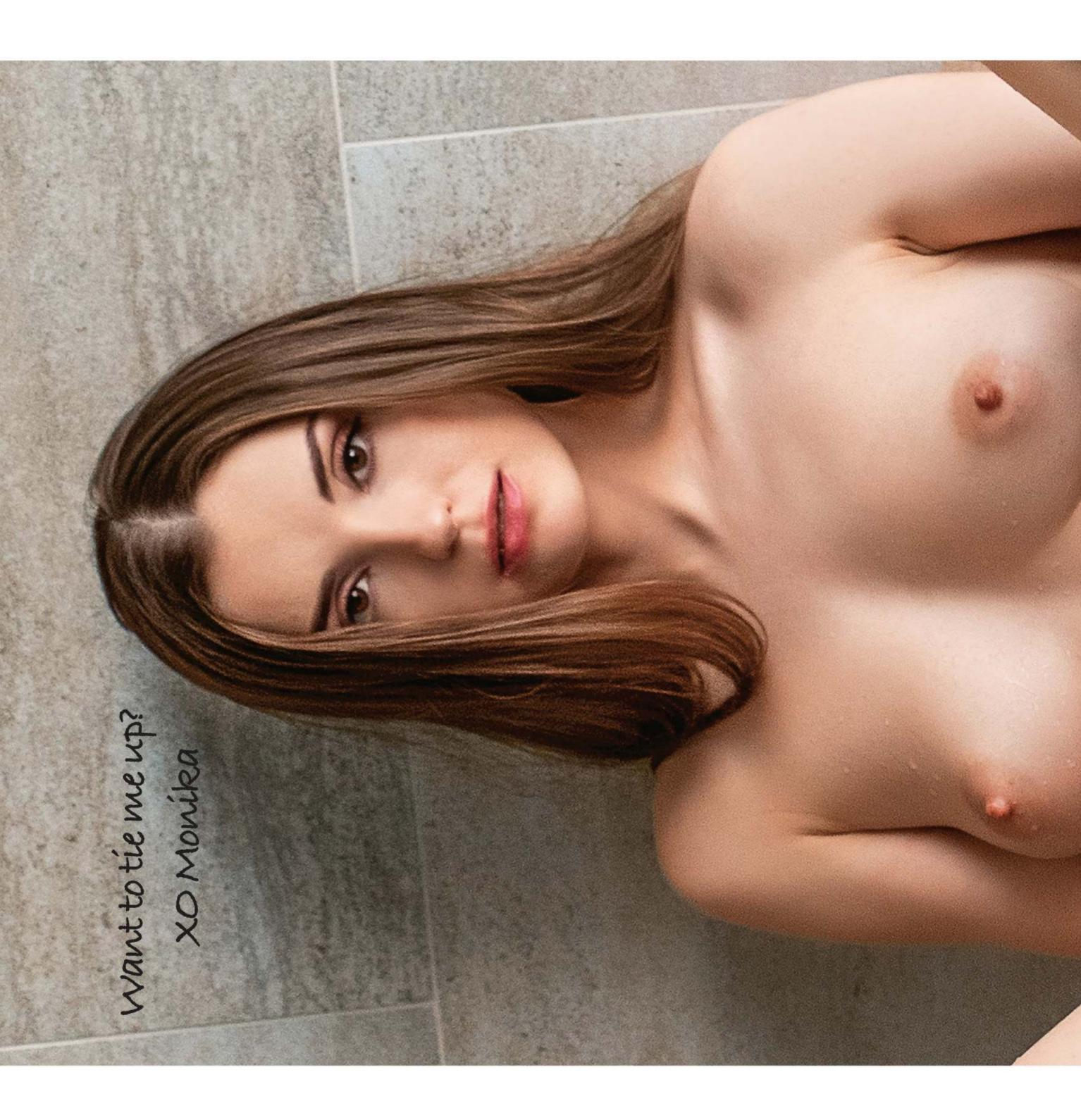


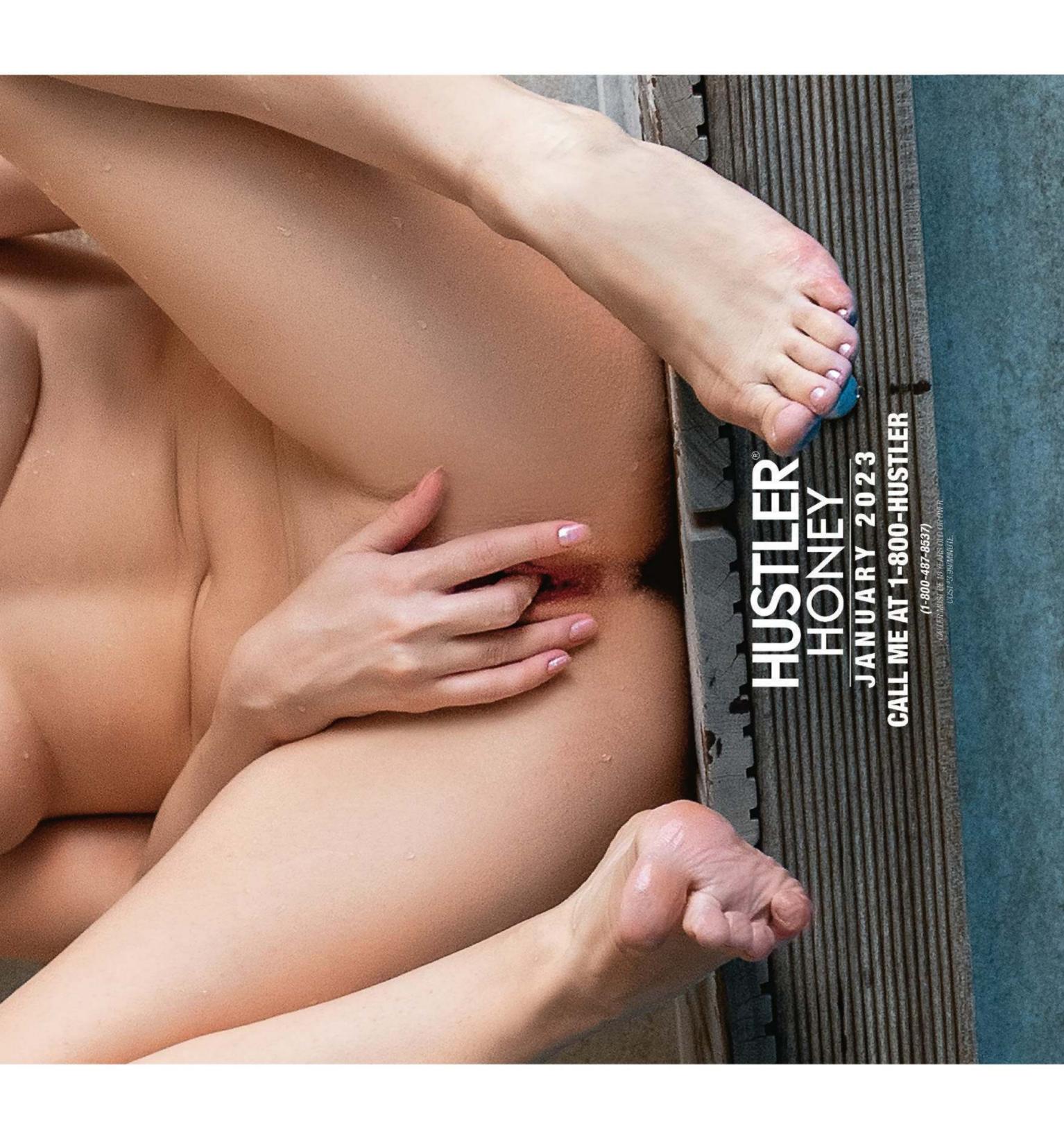


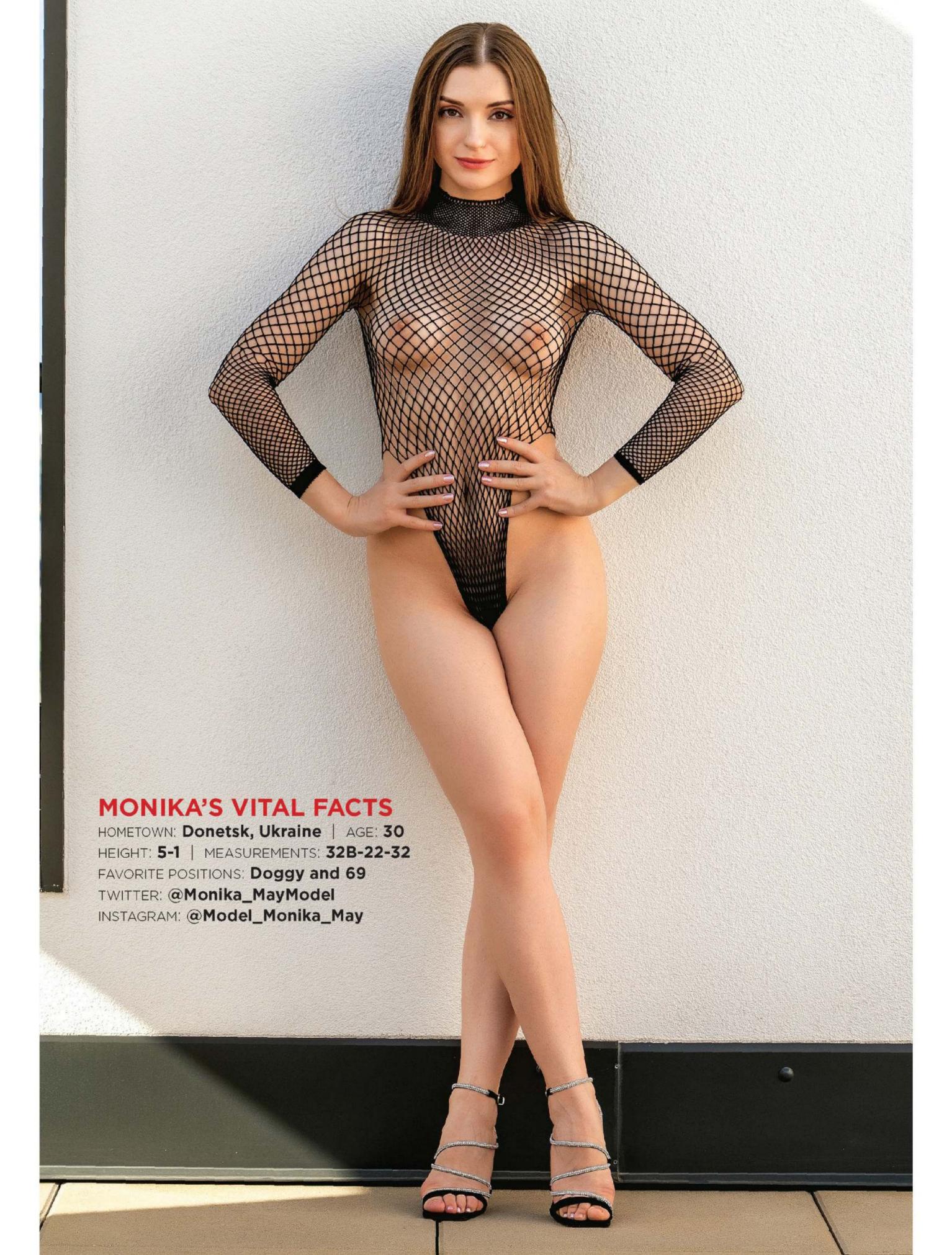


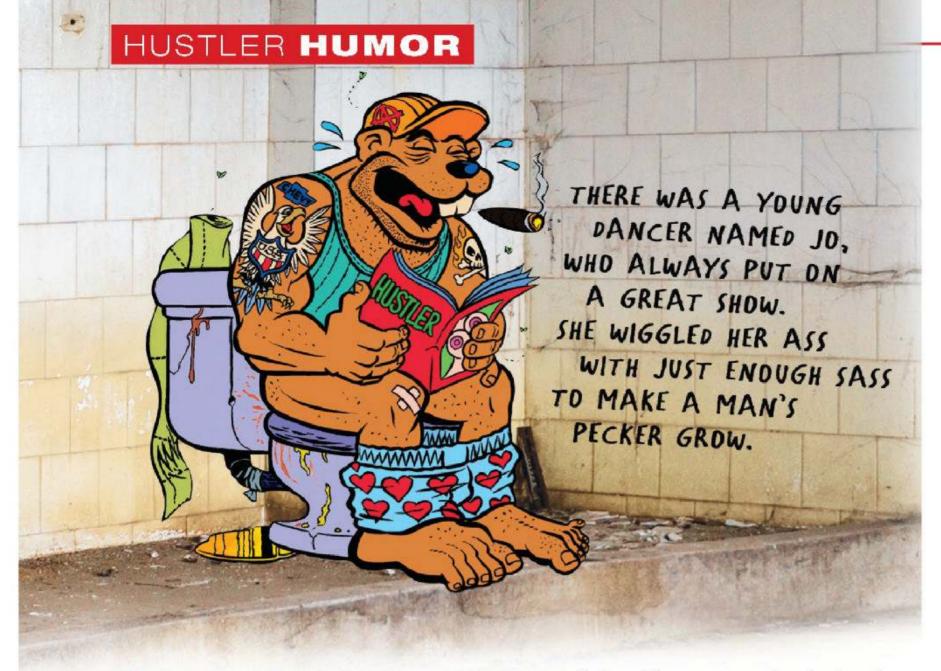












Rosie was relaxing on a park bench when a young fella plopped down on the other end. Being a friendly sort, she asked, "How do you like to spend your free time?"

"I stalk," the guy replied.

"Really?" Rosie chirped. "I enjoy walks in the park and going to movies."

"Yes, I know," the dude said.

Question: When is a man thinking about sex?

Answer: Whenever he's talking to a woman.

A little old lady walked into a biker bar and found the meanest-looking hombre in the place. Stepping up to him, she said, "I'd like to ride with your crew."

"You can't ride with us," the biker snarled. "Where's your bike?"

The biddy pointed to a Harley parked outside and said, "That's my bike."

"That's a fine ride," the biker noted, "but we're mean bastards. You're not mean enough to ride with us."

Suddenly the gal coldcocked the guy standing behind her with her purse, poked his nuts with her cane and kicked his head as he fell to the floor.

"Hey, that's pretty mean," the biker grunted. "But have you ever been picked up by the fuzz?"

The little old lady thought for a moment, then replied, "Naw, but I've been swung around by my titties a few times."

Question: Why does it take 400,000 sperm to fertilize one egg?

Answer: So few ask for directions.

A little girl went to the barbershop with her father. As he was getting his hair cut, she stood right next to the chair, eating a snack cake.

Looking down, the barber cautioned, "You're gonna get hair on your Twinkie."

"I know," the girl squealed. "I'm gonna get tits too!"

Three men were playing golf when Frank shanked a shot deep into the trees next to the fairway. "Goddammit," he snarled. "Wait here until I find my ball."

The duffer walked into the trees and

gave up after searching for an hour. When he returned, he saw his pal Richie butt-fucking Stu on the golf cart. "What the hell are you guys doing?!" he exclaimed.

Stu replied, "I had a heart attack."

"And I saved his life," Richie boasted.

"I don't think so. You save a heart attack victim by massaging his chest and doing mouth-to-mouth resuscitation for at least half an hour."

"I did that right away," Richie responded. "How do you think I got Stu to let me fuck him up the ass?"

Blake was on a first date with Denise. Thinking they were a good match, he asked, "How about us spending a romantic weekend in the nicest hotel in town?"

Denise looked at him and said, "I'm afraid that my awareness of your proclivities in the esoteric aspects of sexual behavior precludes you from such an erotic confrontation."

"Er, sorry, Denise, but I don't fuckin' get it," Blake fessed up.

"Exactly!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, send it to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!





"That about sums it up. Good night."

# 24 HOURS DIARY OF A SEX WORKER 2

Chinatown

ion Station Area Connections

Room service, pony play, sexting, porn, glory holes and gangbangs—it's all in a day's work for these industrious adult entertainers. From the makers of "Diary of a Sex Worker" comes the much-anticipated sequel "24 Hours." The clock starts ...now.

BY JOHN BLAYLOCK

**PHOTO BY AARIK ATKINS** 

ast year we asked four sex workers to document their lives for a week ("Diary of a Sex Worker," HUSTLER, February '22). Honest, unfiltered and uncensored, they welcomed us into their world with open arms. Now we're back for more, a day-throughnight deep dive into the waking hours of one single square on the calendar.

This year we've upped the ante to include *five* awe-inspiring archetypes from across the adult spectrum: the luxury companion (and porn star on the rise); a ballbusting dominatrix; the hottest hotwife to ever hotwife; an icon of anal delights; and a neurodivergent escort who identifies as "rabiosexual." Through a series of DMs and intermittent text updates, each offers their own unique glimpse into a life that exists beyond the nine-to-five drudgery of civilian normalcy. Try to keep up!

#### **HOLLY HOTWIFE**, Texas | August 2-3

Is there anything sexier than a married woman who subverts monogamy for her pleasure? Loving mom and OnlyFans superstar **Holly Hotwife** has it all, including a devoted husband who delights in his beautiful bride's extramarital appetites. Whether she's at the epicenter of a fan orgy or going for broke in the glory hole room, Holly is proof positive that marriage is most certainly not the death knell of sex. And Hotwife Date Night? Let's just say it's a tad more adventurous than dinner and a movie.



**Tuesday, 9:03 AM** It's that time of week again—Date Night, or as my husband and I like to call it, "Crazy Tuesdays." And considering our predilection for naughty late-night escapades, I thought it best to sleep in this morning (especially since I have to work later this afternoon).

Tuesday, 12:15 PM Crawling out of bed and downing some coffee before I hop in the shower and get all dolled up to make content.

Tuesday, 1:07 PM Legs shaved, hair washed and straightened—sexy smooth, just how I like it. I have to put on my makeup, then get set up to film custom videos and JOI [jerkoff instruction] clips this afternoon. Will squeeze in some dick ratings and panty sales if I have time.

Tuesday, 1:29 PM I'm looking hot. Toys: check. Lube: check. Ready for fun!

**Tuesday, 5:07 PM** Done for the day. I have to clean off all my toys, wash up, then reapply my makeup for Date Night. Might grab a beer and manage my socials a bit before the craziness begins.

**Tuesday**, **9:03 PM** Just arrived at our hotel, about an hour's drive from home. Still have to check in and unpack. Looking forward to a light snack and some refreshing beverages in the lounge before heading out.

**Tuesday, 9:45 PM** Our Uber just dropped us off at our favorite adult theater—time to sign in and find our spot for the night. My fans will start arriving soon...we'll chat, take pictures. And when I feel ready, it's off to the glory hole room.

Tuesday, 10:14 PM Here we go! I like to start in the glory hole room to get the boys warmed up and eager. Just thinking of those hard dicks about to burst, standing in line and waiting their turn...so hot. That anticipation, waiting to get your dick sucked by your favorite porn star—I can't begin to tell you how much this turns me on.

**Tuesday, 10:40 PM** I'm watching my husband watch me with his miniature flashlight as I welcome another cock in my hungry, sloppy mouth—while texting! How's that for multitasking?

**Tuesday, 10:47 PM** After about eight or nine blowjobs (honestly I lost count), hubby and I are back in the lounge area for some rest and rehydration. A little more conversation, a few more pictures, and then it's time for the big room, where there are two king-size beds and a couple sofas. This is where my fans get to fuck me.

**Tuesday, 11:05 PM** Typing this as I bounce up and down on multiple dicks—riding, grinding and getting used. I love showing my fans attention; who knows where I'd be without them. We do every position imaginable as my husband enjoys the show.

Tuesday, 11:20 PM Just catching my breath for a minute and find myself feeling grateful. It's such a beautiful thing, pleasuring my husband by performing for him, pleasuring my fans by making their fantasies come true and being pleasured by people who adore me daily. Still, I can usually only take about two hours of bending my body every which way, getting my throat stretched out and hair pulled...it's a great workout! I call it "sexercise." Hahaha!

**Tuesday, 11:29 PM** 30-minute warning! Time to come, boys. I like to finish with a bukkake blowbang—some guys are a little nervous in front of a crowd, so I do a countdown to help them focus on coming and not the crowd. Let's get glazed!

Wednesday, 12:06 AM I am *soaked* in cum! Another "Crazy Tuesday" for the books. I made sure everyone got their turn to fuck and come on me—a blowjob at the very least. The guys are catching their breath, and I get a round of applause. We take some more pictures, my face still covered in semen.

Wednesday, 12:33 AM Back at our hotel room for reclamation sex, where I am his and he is mine—slow and passionate lovemaking to cap off an already perfect Date Night. I love my hotwife life.

Follow Holly Hotwife! Twitter: @HollyHotwife, OF: @HollyHotwifeVIP

CONNIE PERIGNON, New York & Los Angeles I August 2-3
Like the rarified French bubbly of her namesake, Connie Perignon is
ecstasy for the senses. A top-shelf companion whose fly-me-to-you
adventures include a recent sojourn to the African Sahara, Connie set
off a veritable firestorm last summer with her mainstream porn debut.
A few months later she had already locked down scorching scenes
for the likes of Jules Jordan, Evil Angel, Brazzers and Adult Time, so it
stands to reason that Connie will have taken over the world by the
time this issue lands. Until then, our curvy, sultry crush invites us on

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a day trip to Beantown, where a well-heeled client awaits his date with the divine.

**Tuesday, 10:27 AM** Sitting on the Acela (Amtrak), row of children behind me... Had plans to make a video for OnlyConns in the bathroom, but now thinking about how I'm gonna sneak my dildo past these kids.

**Tuesday, 10:29 AM** Gonna give it an hour or so before I give it a try. I think I have three hours on here, so not rushing it. Wore an easily accessible tennis skirt for this very purpose.

Tuesday, 10:35 AM I'm giggling as I roast this man over text. We had an adorable first date (not work) the other day, and when it was time to have sex, he completely froze up and couldn't get hard. He said he wanted to give me back shots, and I replied, "You couldn't even give front shots!" Poor guy. It's all in good fun though; these things happen more often than you think.

**Tuesday, 10:58 AM** Just got a deposit for a date on Friday! My schedule is *sooo* packed until mid-September. I'm happy to be meeting so many new people, and so excited to go to Tunisia in two weeks!!! A well-needed vacation for sure.

**Tuesday, 11:24 AM** OMG, just made the video in the bathroom! Hid the dildo in a Louboutin dust bag and suction-cupped it to the wall...so, so hot, especially when someone started knocking on the door! The thrill of it all made me extra horny. The fans are gonna love this one!

**Tuesday**, **2:12 PM** Finally made it to Boston. Now a 45-minute Uber ride to the suburban town that is my final destination. My GF is calling me for a major tea session, so at least I'll be occupied for the duration of the ride!

**Tuesday, 2:57 PM** Whew, that was a juicy phone call! Had to hop off mid-convo to check into my hotel. It's not as nice as it should be for how much it costs, but it's the suburbs, so I'll take what I can get. I have, like, 2.5 hours before my client arrives, so I'm gonna take a lil' 30-minute nap to power up.

**Tuesday, 4:32 PM** Just woke up, and oh, my God, my brain is so scary! Had weird dreams about people coming into my room, me calling reception and bitching them out...woke up to 27 text messages and a ton of emails. Can't even take a nap nowadays, SMH [shaking my head]!

**Tuesday, 4:34 PM** Ugh!!! I slept, like, 15 minutes longer than I intended because I was having nightmares, and now I'm panicking as I get ready. I'm always fine, but I *hate* being rushed. Thank God I put on my eye makeup this morning because I'm already 75% ready!

**Tuesday, 5:10 PM** Finished with 25 minutes to spare. I knew I'd be fine! I was also able to listen to 18 voice notes, catching up on that tea I mentioned earlier...stripper drama! People can be so weird.

**Tuesday**, **5:14 PM** *Ahhhh*, a big porn director just reached out, and I think it's a go! Doing self-booking is hard—it's a lot of pitching—so I'm always flattered when they want to work with me.

**Tuesday, 5:17 PM** It's crazy because in this last week alone stuff has really picked up quickly. I'm working out dates with this director, a possible editorial shoot, a guest spot on a podcast I love...so grateful for the opportunities, but it's exhausting being so tied to my phone! I guess this is why people get agents?

**Tuesday, 5:33 PM** Doing my last check before he arrives—hair, glossy lips, a spritz of body spray...we're good to go!

Tuesday, 8:47 PM My client left an hour early...scoreeee! Now I can pig out in private (hahaha). I order Caesar salad, spicy rotini and meatballs—definitely won't finish it all, so I'll have some leftovers tomorrow before I head back to Boston.

Tuesday, 10:04 PM In bed reflecting on my day. I'm really grateful for the life I get to live. Even though I'm all alone right now in Bumfuck, Massachusetts, I'm still lucky to have a job where I get to travel the world and meet interesting people from all walks of life. In my DMs, it's hot girls propositioning threesomes and moresomes, rappers I've loved forever shooting their shot and lots of support from long-time friends. I've lived a thousand lives, and I'm grateful for all of them.

Wednesday, 12:37 AM Finally showered and ready for bed. I gotta say, I'm a bit overwhelmed with everything currently on my plate, but I'd rather be too busy than not busy enough. Alarm is set for 8 AM so I can bang out a custom video before I head back to Boston. But first, a little doomscrolling to smooth out my brain before I fall asleep.

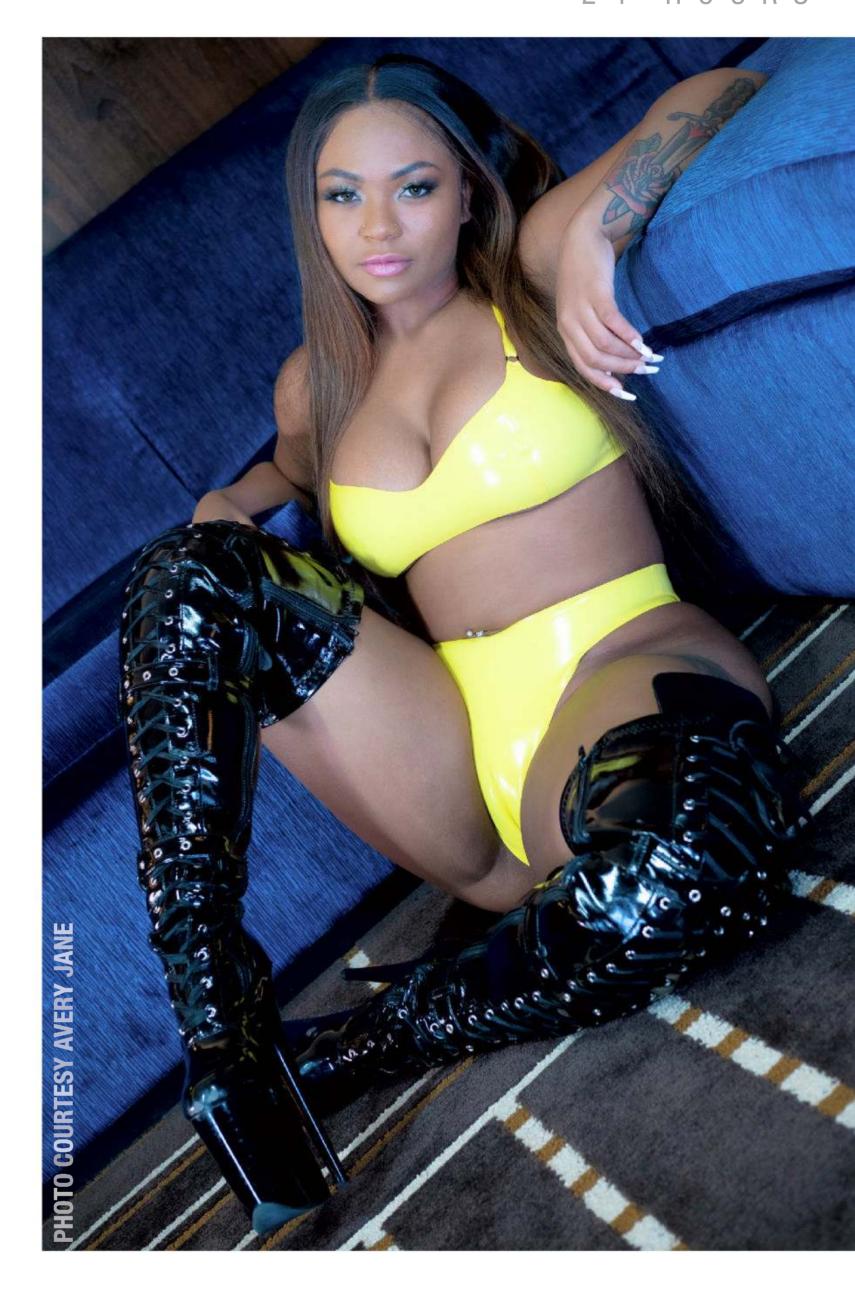
Wednesday, 8:02 AM Alarm goes off. My mouth hurts. Must've been grinding my teeth. It happens when I'm feeling overwhelmed. Gonna lay around for another half hour before I get up and start putting on my makeup.

Wednesday, 10:11 AM Just finished the custom! A ten-minute clip where I strip and play with myself a little. Have a few hours before I need to be in Boston, so I'm just gonna lounge around this hotel room before I Uber back to Boston for my next appointment. Tour life!

Follow Connie Perignon! Twitter, OF: @connperignon, MeetPerignon. com, IG: @NotConniePerignon

#### **AVERY JANE**, Los Angeles | August 8-9

If Harvard handed out diplomas for anal sex, **Avery Jane** would have no less than three Ph.D.s and a tenured professorship to her esteemed name. An award-winning adult performer who is living her dream,



Avery's talent and ambition are only exceeded by a heart as big as all outdoors. Make no mistake, being a professional fuck machine is hard work—but you know what they say about loving what you do. Join Avery as she makes the LAX/LAS commute in her not-so-subtle airplane outfit, poised and primed for all the hot hijinks that await.

Monday, 1:33 PM Just touched down in Vegas. I love wearing Brazzers gear to the airport—it's a not-so-subtle signal to all my fellow traveling pervs and always leads to some fun interactions! Now I'm in an Uber on my way to set. It's only a 12-minute ride, thankfully.

Monday, 9:16 PM Just finished my Brazzers shoot! I loved my hair and makeup today—made me feel like a movie star. My scene partners were Sierra Sinclair and Mick Blue. I was so excited to finally >>

work with Mick since he's a legend!

Monday, 9:18 PM The day started with photos. I wore a cute lingerie set and took shots with a photographer whose work I'm a big fan of, so that was cool! The energy of the whole crew was so much fun, as always.

Monday, 9:32 PM The shoot was so silly and fun! Sierra is beautiful and a joy to work with. Mick was really sweet; it was an honor to finally have sexual relations with that sexy man. Now that I got my paycheck, it's time to grab a bite to eat, then head on over to another photo shoot!

**Monday**, **11:26 PM** My photographer buddy picked me up and is taking me to Popeyes. I probably shouldn't be eating fried chicken before taking sexy pictures, but Popeyes is my ultimate comfort food after work. *C'est la vie*.

Tuesday, 3:28 AM My first-ever latex shoot! I only recently started my collection and was so excited to capture images of my two favorite pieces: a bright yellow bikini and a gorgeous teal dress. We walked up and down Fremont street, and the crowds ate it up. There's no better confidence booster than walking around Las Vegas in latex!

Tuesday, 10:45 AM I'm really grateful for good, simple days like these. An easy day on set means a happy crew. Everyone gets to go home early, and people feel inclined to work with me again in the future. When I began my career as an independent creator, I

had dreams of one day working for Brazzers, so it feels kind of surreal to be shooting for them regularly. I've created this magical, exciting life for myself, and I'll be forever grateful.

Follow Avery Jane! Twitter: @AveryJaneXO, IG: @AveryJaneOfficial, OF: @AveryJane, AveryJaneXXX.com

#### **KYAA CHIMERA**, Florida | FETCON weekend, August 14-15

Porn star, fetish model, content creator, pro and lifestyle dominatrix, BDSM sex god—with honorifics like these, you best be on your knees in the presence of **Kyaa Chimera**. A Domme's Domme, Kyaa was back in true form in August as they made their triumphant return to FetCon following a two-year hiatus (damn you, COVID!). With loyal subs in tow, their breathtaking outfits and kinky antics stole the show, not to mention the cash holdings of any admirers lucky enough to worship at their feet. As for the human pony... well, let's just say his balls are going to be okay.

Sunday, 9:34 AM How is it already the last day?! This year's event was the 20th anniversary, and I am happy to report that everyone really brought their kinky A-game! As a longtime attendee it was a special year back in St. Petersburg (Florida)—not only was it my first Fetish Con as a local, but it was also my first time hosting my very own booth!

Sunday, 10:15 AM Final stretch. I'm exhausted, but it's a good kind of exhausted—like after really great sex or an intense BDSM session. It's not too busy yet, so I'll recap the highlights of my epic return to FetCon:

Thursday was a whirlwind; I quickly set up my booth, then slid into a latex catsuit (by Libidex) to walk the red carpet with my collared slave girl on a chain. I fit her in a custom-made leather straitjacket and a pink puffy diaper. This look was such a hit that we even made the local newspaper the next day!

I spent Friday afternoon at my booth, being worshipped in my couture lingerie (by Videnoir Couture) and doing rope bondage/spanking

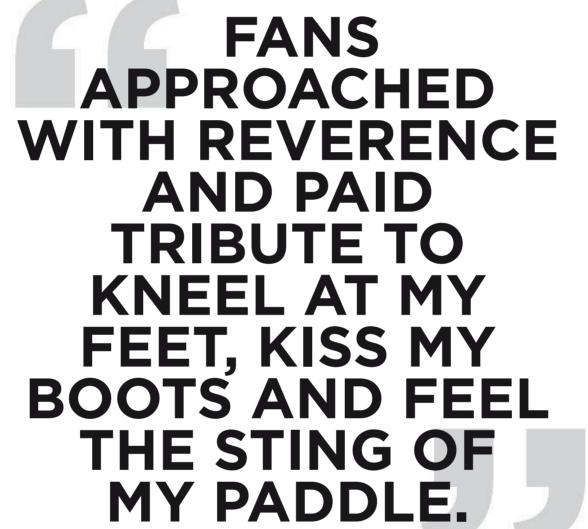
demonstrations on my slave girl, River Enza. I'm proud of the space I created, a royal pavilion where I sit atop my throne. Fans approached with reverence and paid tribute to kneel at my feet, kiss my boots and feel the sting of my paddle.

Saturday was definitely the main event. It's a little quieter today, and maybe that's a good thing (last night got a bit...crazy). For Day 2 I donned a custom-made Amazonian Warrior Princess ensemble, my gimp piggy-boy on a leash—I love dominating men. I rode him everywhere that day, indulging in some public humiliation play along the way. I even brought him onstage in the main hall, where I delivered a master class on the three "B's": Bondage, Ball-busting and ass Beatings! I kicked

hall, where I delivered a master class on the three "B's": Bondage, Ball-busting and ass Beatings! I kicked him in the sac as hundreds of onlookers watched, mouths agape... honestly, it was the best day of his life. And no trip to the convention would be complete without some shopping—it's so fun spending my piggy's money!

Sunday, 1:20 PM About last night...hehehe. After the convention closed for the day, I took piggy-boy back to my dungeon, where we tried out my new toys. I was so pleased with his good behavior that I even let him worship me in my new latex two-piece (which he paid for, lucky dog). I kept him in his cage overnight, then sent him packing at dawn, back to his vanilla life.

Sunday, 7:01 PM We're breaking down the booth now, and I am still wearing latex (courtesy of The Latex Store), riding this moment to the bittersweet end. Time sure flies when you're having fun. This afternoon was a blur, merchandise flying off the shelves and cash tributes laid at my bare feet—a fitting close to an amazing weekend. >>







Monday, 10:43 AM Coffee and reflection as I come down from the Con. It was so great to see so many different types of fetish enthusiasts, from seasoned veterans to newbies popping their kink cherries. Femdom Goddesses, playful puppies, kitten girls and leather gimps, awash in a world of couture and custom gear—it's not hard to see why this is my favorite adult event in the U.S. Come see me next year for your chance to worship at the Temple of Kyaaism!

Follow Kyaa Chimera! Twitter: @GoddessKyaa, IG: @Kyaa\_Chimera, Kyaaism.com

#### **TOMIE OBSESSION**, Montreal | August 24-25

Anarchic harlequin art whore **Tomie Obsession** is a hyperkinetic fever dream in fishnets. Known locally as "that escort with the tattooed pussy," the Montreal-based service provider and transgressive filmmaker channels the magic of Milos Forman in a custom photo shoot inspired by The People vs. Larry Flynt. Her turn-ons include Edie Sedgwick, rabies and the creative chaos of neurodivergence. From Ritalin and orgasms to the prospect of free office furniture, it's just another day on Planet Tomie.

Wednesday, 6:07 AM Dawn. I started getting ready at 4 AM after going out for three coffees and a pack of cigarettes. I've done my hair up in little buns to make it curly. I'm shooting at sunset and dawn; the fur coats I borrowed are perfect and my hair should be set in time.

Wednesday, 6:13 AM My friend who lent me the furs is so glam... like a biracial, trans Edie Sedgwick. I'm obsessed with Edie Sedgwick, so we bonded immediately.

Wednesday, 6:54 AM I put on these little clear pimple patch things so I don't anxiously pick at my face.

My nails are already destroyed; luckily I'm a trained nail tech with a spare set of press-ons.

Wednesday, 9:30 AM ADHD got me distracted. I have to take out my recycling ASAP and then get in the bath to shave.

Wednesday, 9:39 AM Between the ADHD and smoking joints to reward myself for every little task I accomplish, I think of how my pace would drive the casual observer mad. Just one more reason why I'm most comfortable being a one-woman production company: no one to judge how long it takes me to do things.

Wednesday, 9:42 AM With the right balance of cigarettes, Ritalin and joints, I will prevail. I'm still anticipating shooting till after dawn.

Wednesday, 12:57 PM My friend with the fur coats is waiting for me to be done in the bath, and I just got in the bath. I buzz her in and we order some party favors.

Wednesday, 5:14 PM I'm watching a reality TV show; my secret internet boyfriend is on it. I paint my nails, then find a free office chair in the hallway...so that's cool.

Wednesday, 5:37 PM I'm texting him now (the reality TV internet boyfriend), telling him how hot he looks. He says he needs to go to Greece for work, and I happen to have a film showing at a porn film festival in Athens this October. So while I'm not counting on it, there is the notion that he might fly me out to attend my first film premiere.

Wednesday, 8:31 PM I'm watching *The People vs. Larry Flynt* for inspo and figuring out my photo shoot.

**Wednesday**, **8:42 PM** I have a semi-dead bouquet of roses from a man who promised a lot and delivered very little. I may de-petal them for dramatic flair.

Wednesday, 9:24 PM I love girls like Althea who thrive in chaos.

Wednesday, 9:25 PM Why is Crispin Glover so goddamn relatable?

Wednesday, 10:32 PM I'm feeling well seasoned to channel Althea.

Wednesday, 10:35 PM I get everything prepared for the morning light so I can just slip into brain-dead slut mode and perform in my meticulously curated set piece. I long to capture moments of authentic arousal, so I push through my self-hatred and doubt.

Wednesday, 11:21 PM Gonna make a lil' mashed potato dinner snack.

**Thursday, 1:29 AM** I'm talking to this interesting guy. He paid me for an hour of social time to record me talking about my traumas. I'm paranoid at first, wondering if he was secretly my ex that I haven't seen since I fled to Montreal five years ago to get away from him.

**Thursday, 1:30 AM** The trauma guy shows up at my in-call, and while it's not my ex, they do share the same first name.

Thursday, 1:32 AM That was one of the single most intimate bookings I've ever had! I might have a crush on him, and it would be so deliciously chaotic to lean into that urge.

Thursday, 1:48 AM It's turned into a weird extended date...

Thursday, 2:26 AM That was the best, most romantic "date" I've had in years! I have to edit photos now. Venus in furs.

**Thursday, 4:18 AM** I literally nodded off while sucking dick last night; I hadn't slept in two days, and I was like [GIF of a sleeping kitten with milk mustache].

**Thursday, 4:47 AM** Some men really make you think, *Wow, how do I get paid to have such a lovely time?* Other times it's like, *Why do I let these people have my contact info?* 

Follow Tomie Obsession! Twitter: @TomieObsessed, PornHub, OF: @TommieObsession



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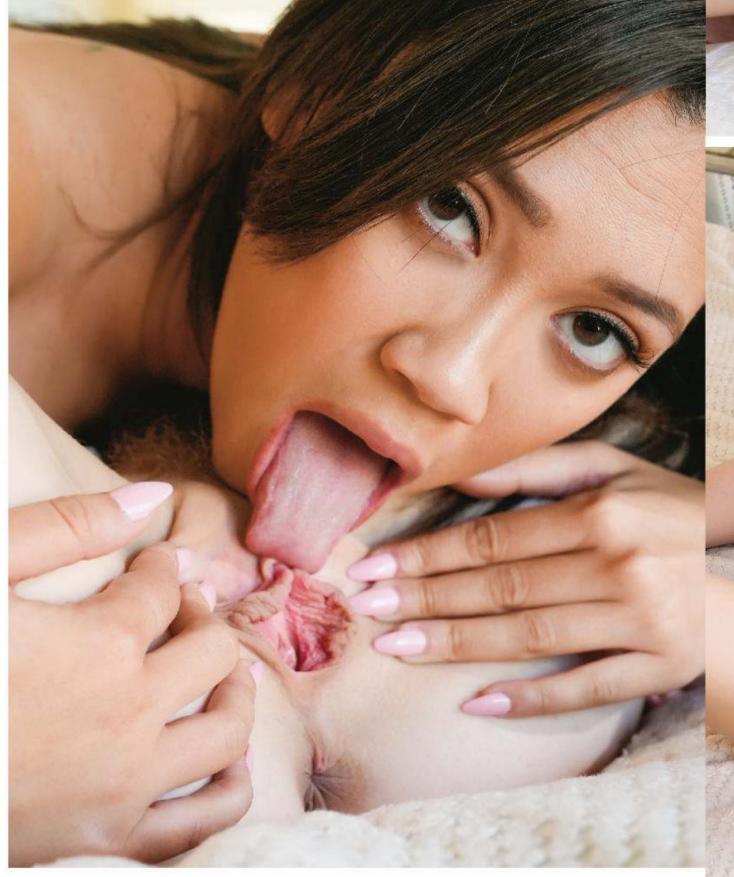
#### **MY FIRST ASIAN LESBIAN 2**

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: FUMIGALLI. STARRING: ALYX STAR, ELLE LEE, KAY LOVELY, KIMMY KIMM, SERA RYDER, KIMORA QUIN, SCARLET SKIES & MADI LAINE.

Asian women are fantastic. Asian women who like to get down and dirty with other ladies? They're super fantastic! That's just an indisputable fact of life, as immutable as the law of gravity. But if you

need further proof, My First Asian Lesbian 2 will seal the deal with a sticky adhesive of spit, pussy juice and sweat. Exhibit A: the opening scene featuring foreign-exchange student Elle Lee and her American host Alyx Star. At first glance, they couldn't be more different: Alyx is curvy, confident and brash; Elle is slender, humble and shy (initially, anyway). Yet they find common ground in lust and desire. The camera lingers with a perverse expertise as Lee worshipfully mauls and nuzzles Star's ginormous dairy domes. You can almost see the muscle mass build on Lee's scrawny forearm as she fervently finger-fucks Star-Lee digs into that pussy like she's foraging for change at the bottom of a coin purse. Star, in turn, dives face-first into Lee's furry trench and laps away ravenously. These two eager beavers turn in a marathon fuck session that leaves performers and viewers alike delightfully exhausted. As satisfying as it is, their romp is but a mere appetizer to a smorgasbord of sapphic thrills. Elsewhere, tawny-skinned, selfie-obsessed tourist Kimmy Kimm and her sharp-featured, blond escort Kay Lovely devour each other, culminating in a frenzied scissoring session so intense, one expects to see sparks shoot from their crotches. Not so coincidentally, My First Asian Lesbian 2 will generate plenty of heat in your lap too. Order today at AdultDVDEmpire.com. —Pico D. Ribibi





#### HARDCORE SHOWCASE

















#### **HAIR DOWN THERE 7**

NEW SENSATIONS. DIRECTORS: PAUL WOOD-CREST & EDDIE POWELL. STARRING: LILLY BELL, LANEY GREY, HAZEL MOORE, NICKEY HUNTS-MAN, MICHAEL STEFANO, CHARLES DERA, BRUCE VENTURE & TYLER CRUISE.



Getting deep in the weeds isn't such a bad thing with Hair Down There 7, a loving paean to the sensual joys of full, lush pubes. The bush brigade is led by Lilly Bell, a pale, statuesque blonde with a pretty face and an impressive haystack between her legs. Bell is in the bedroom idly tugging her pubes when her man wanders in and descends on the flaxen-haired beauty, rubbing his nose in her pussy pelt and gnawing on a few hairs here and there. This is full-scale pube worship; he rubs his stiff prick against her crotch-tuft like an outdoorsman trying to start a campfire and twists and sculpts her cunt coif like a stylist at an upscale salon. Of course, there's a woman—and a damn attractive one too —attached to those pubes, so eventually the action moves from patch to snatch. During an athletic rut, Bell works herself up to the point where she's spanking her ass as she rides that fat cock. The fiery scene ends with Bell's man wringing his nut onto her pubes with the loving detail of a master baker squeezing frosting from a tube onto a prize cake. Elsewhere, dirty blonde Laney Grey, with her wispy pubes and heavy knockers, turns in a practically feral performance, moaning and growling like a demon possessed as she bucks and writhes on Charles Dera's cock. *Hair Down There 7* is worth getting tangled up in. —**P.D.R.** 















#### **ULTIMATE FUCK TOY: CHARLY SUMMER**

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JULES JORDAN. STARRING: CHARLY SUMMER, DREDD, JAX SLAYHER, ROB PIPER, ISIAH MAXWELL, JACK BLAQUE & MAZEE.

Race relations in the United States have been, to put it mildly, strained in recent years. Bigotry is once again on

the rise in MAGA-land, like a turd that refuses to flush. Luckily, *Ultimate Fuck* Toy: Charly Summer serves as a jizz-drenched reminder that the races can come together in harmony and joy. Judging from this offering, black cock is to Charly Summer what media attention is to Elon Musk: She deeply craves it and will go to great lengths to obtain it. In this offering, the milky-skinned enchantress enjoys a gamut of orifice-stretching carnal adventures with an asspacking assemblage of African-American castmates. In one standout scene, Summer offers herself on her knees, blindfolded and collared. A quintet of brothers whip out their ebony meat mallets and comically wallop Summer's face before tossing her around like a sock puppet and putting the self-described "greedy fucking whore" through her sexual paces. Almost absurd in its excesses, the scene reaches its zenith with a double-anal penetration of sphincter-punishing proportions. It's a high point that would be nearly impossible to surpass, and in truth the rest of this offering never quite matches this coloncrushing spectacle. Still, there is more fun to be had, thanks largely to Summer's delightful dirty talk. While getting her nether-ports pummeled by dusky woodsman Rob Piper, Summer lets loose with a barrage of filthy patter, to wit: "Yeah, stick it in my fucking mouth! I want to taste all those ass juices!" Charly Summer's mouth is capable of providing thrills in more ways than one. You'll play with *Ultimate Fuck Toy: Charly Summer* over and over again.



# HARDCORE SHOWCASE





























"Now, did you or did you not tell me to have a good day at the office when I left this morning?!"

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

# BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN







### **SOFIA LEE**

Emissions from the smokestacks of coke factories and steelworks have made Ostrava the dirtiest city in Czechia. Meet Sofia Lee, 27, a stacked strumpet who may well be her hometown's dirtiest denizen. "I love showing off my body to the public," the 5-foot-7 eye-catcher asserts, "and having high-energy sex with all kinds of people. Becoming a porn star was the way to go." Sofia's calling cards are titty-fucking, DPs and golden showers. "I'm a submissive slut and not just at video shoots," Sofia admits. "There's nothing I won't do to satisfy my personal partners and online audiences." When the bi bombshell isn't being a self-proclaimed "connoisseur of hard dicks and juicy pussies," she digs reading romance novels, rafting on the Ostravice River and hanging out at her favorite café. "Being so voluptuous, flirtatious and seductive," Sofia coos, "I tend to be the center of attention."

—Photos by Omnia Productions













## **MAE MAE**

"I'm very comfortable posing nude because not wearing any clothes is natural," professes Mae Mae, 24, from Hershey, Pennsylvania. "And I get off on people adoring my body as much as I do." The 5-foot-2 modeling enthusiast goes on to relate, "I think of myself as a loyal, intelligent and intuitive woman who sends off good vibes. I've been a caregiver, chef and fitness instructor. My hobbies are playing piano, painting, cooking, hiking and working out, and I enjoy going to Hershey Bears hockey games and listening to all kinds of music—especially rap, country, R&B and meditation." Mae Mae's sexual playlist is equally diverse: "I'm definitely a switch. I love sex with both genders, but what I love the most is the mental connection. It really turns me on when a person can read my mind and take me where I want to go in the bedroom." Mae Mae adds, "I specialize in extravagant role-play, BDSM and dirty talk. I'm amazing at getting someone horny by just talking, and my moaning is hot too."

—Photos by Stace Bernard









# **SMASHING ANNA**

"I began modeling a year ago, and to be featured in any publication is an honor at my age," says Smashing Anna, 39, a bartender from Reno, Nevada. "But HUSTLER Magazine is mind-blowing. Who would say no?" The 5-foot-3 Silver Stater has several hobbies—drawing, tattooing and practicing hand-lettering—and one passion. "I'm a bi-curious submissive by nature and very sexually open-minded with few hard no's," Smashing Anna confides. "But with the right partner, those hard no's can become a 'Yes, please' real fast. It's all about the vibe, mood and chemistry." She avows, "I love to serve. I get off on giving my partner the ultimate pleasure, and my oral game is on point. I pride myself on giving great head." Smashing Anna—who pictures herself as "fun, bubbly and weird"—is a daredevil too: "I'm always up for something crazy. So I love having sex in public places—while driving down the highway, in the bathroom of a five-star restaurant and in a hotel's glass elevator, stopping at every floor for extra time."

—Photos by Tony F.





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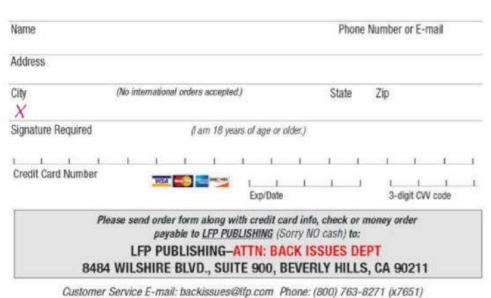












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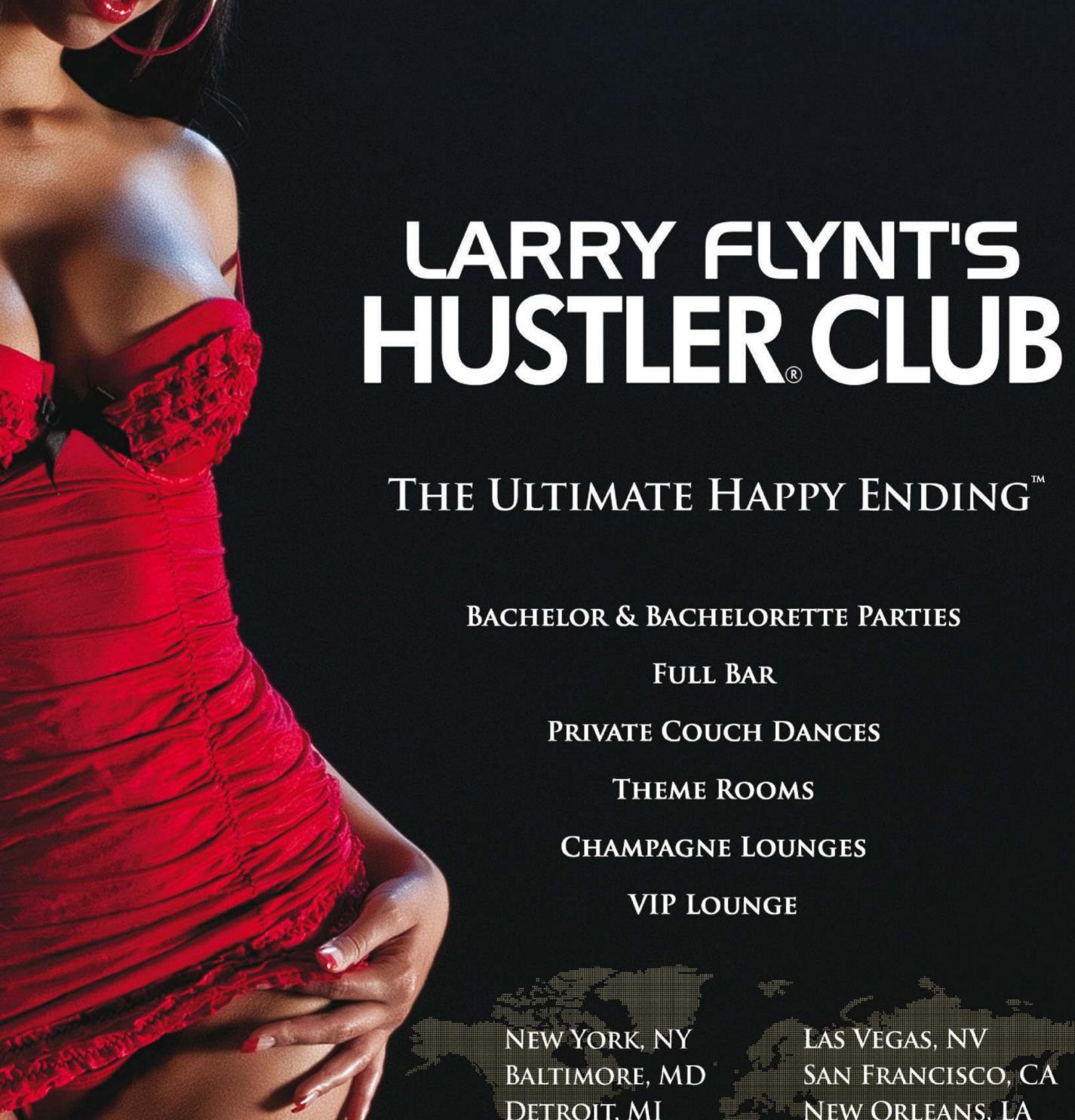












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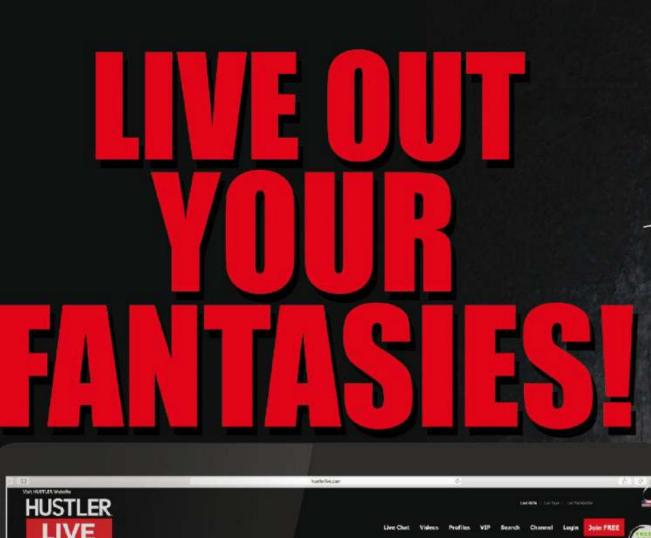
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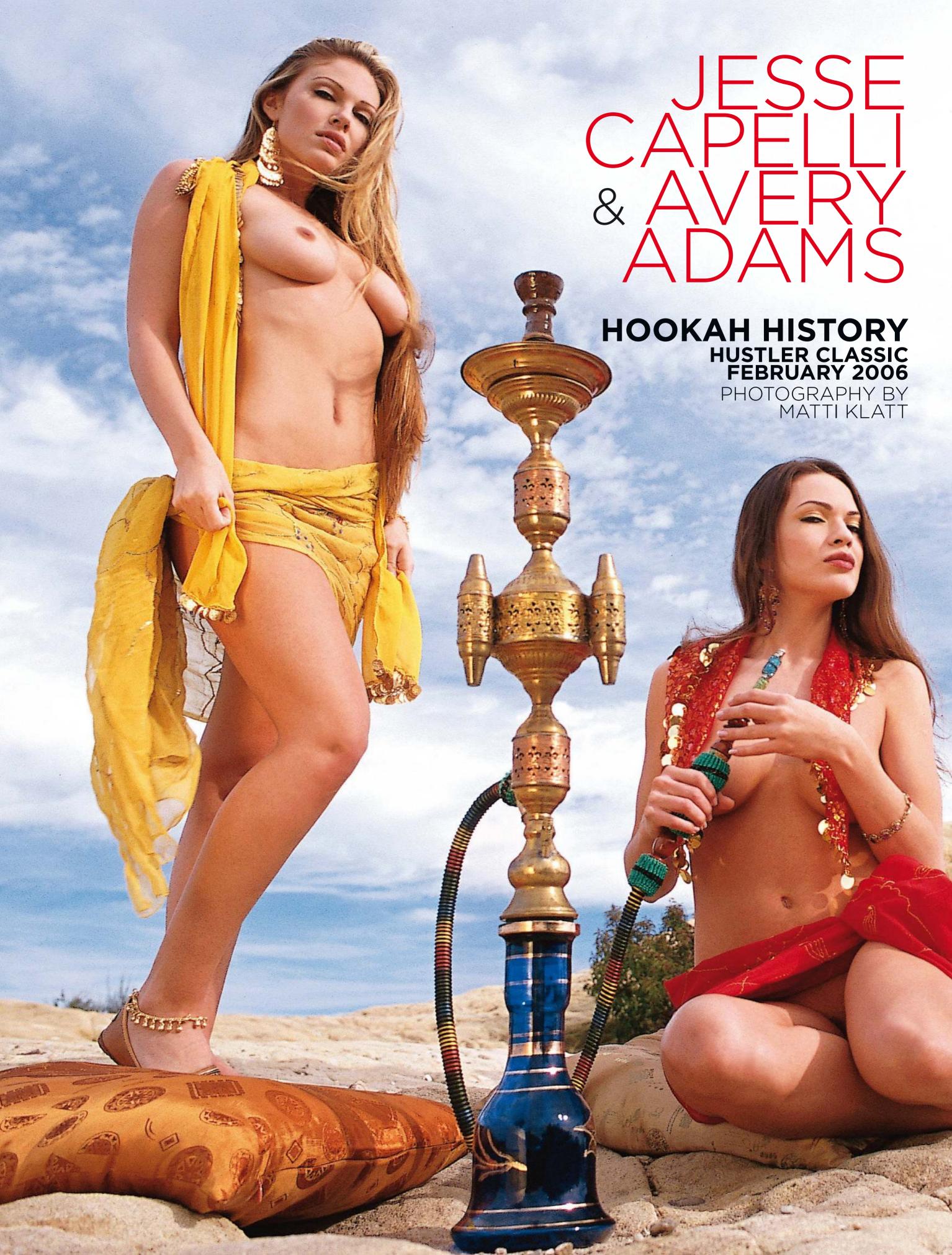


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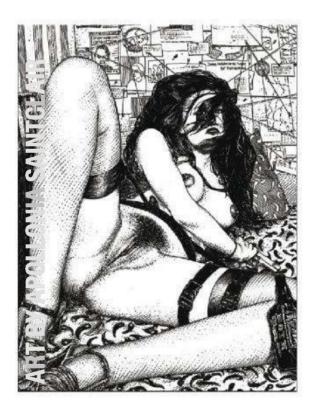


### IT'S 5 O'CLOCK SOMEWHERE

Sample a Fat Hooker, Midnight Kiss or Dirty Shirley. Or perhaps a Milk Maid or Cowboy Cocksucker would be more to your liking. We asked 40-some porn stars for their favorite cocktails, and now it's time to party! Recipes compiled by Missy Martinez.



The sophisticated illustrations of this mysterious European artist first appeared online in 2012. In the decade since, their work has been celebrated by the global glitterati, but HUSTLER will be Apollonia's first publication in America. Interview by Matt Kennedy.

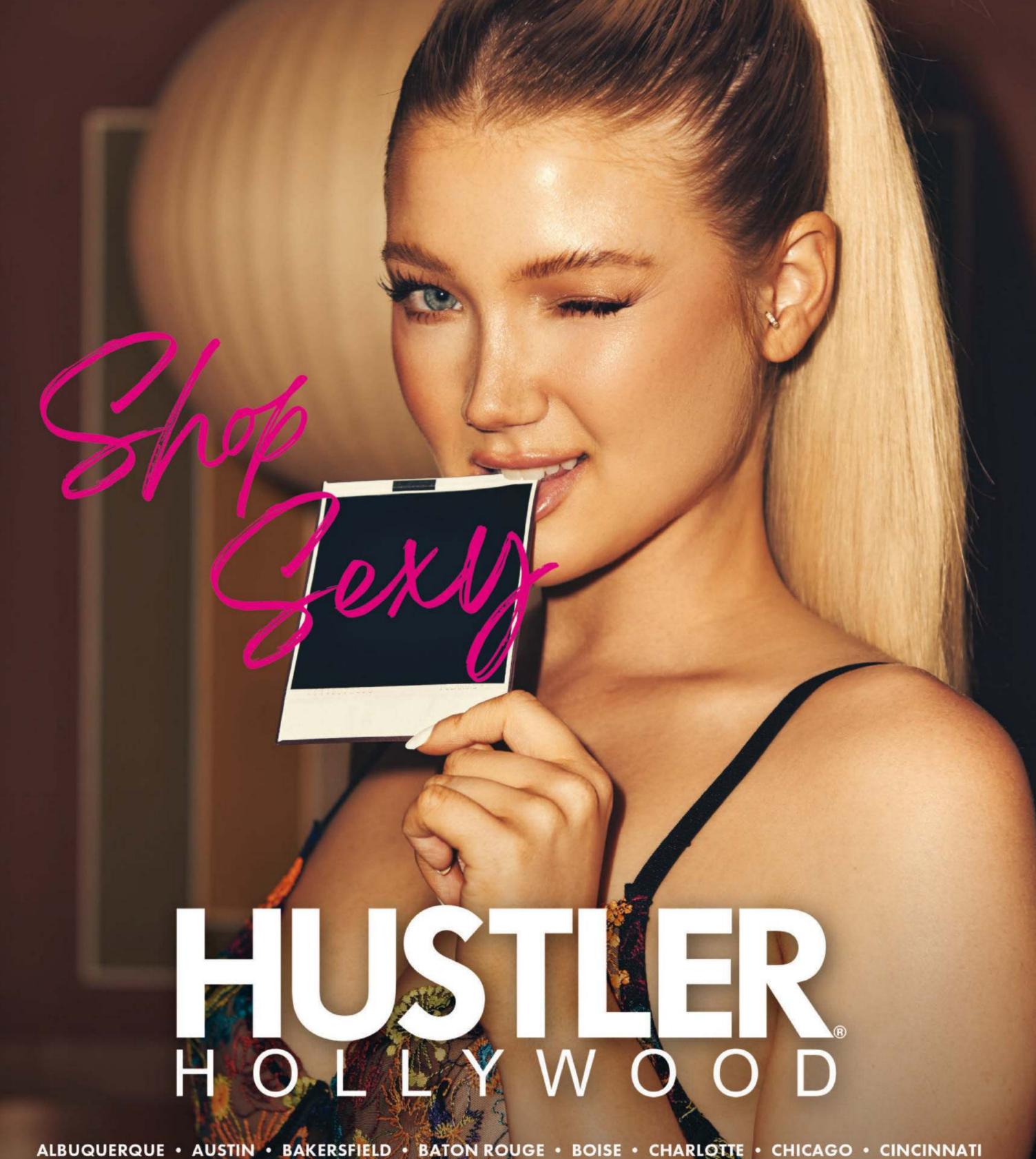




#### MY NEIGHBOR'S BUSH 2

Violet Star's bush is magnificent, lush tufts of pubes you could get lost in for hours, if not days. Then, when you finally do come up for air, you get to visit beauties Erin Everheart, Alyx Star and Jessica Ryan in this delightfully hairy neighborhood. Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.





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